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Events of the Week.

THE only developments of importance in the Franco-German situation are the address of the German Chancellor at the Reichstag memorial service for the Essen victims, and the expectations roused by the speech M. Poincaré is to deliver at Dunkirk on Sunday after his conversations with the Belgian Premier and Foreign Minister. Dr. Cuno, at a moment when hot words might have been pardonable, held himself under marked restraint. He reiterated the offer of Dr. Rosenberg to accept Mr. Hughes's proposal for the assessment of Germany's capacity by a commission of impartial business men, and he once more made it perfectly clear that the formula "no negotiations before evacuation" has gone by the board altogether. Rumors of an impending offer by Germany recur, but it is difficult to see how she can advance any proposal more reasonable than Dr. Rosenberg's. In one direction only is there need for clearer assurances. There was much talk in January of the great industrials getting behind a German loan, and the great industrials, with their credits abroad, are manifestly well able to do that. Specific undertakings that they will guarantee a loan of a definite figure would do much to smooth the way to negotiation. It is for M. Poincaré to check or to stimulate these more hopeful tendencies, and no one can predict which line he will choose. But all the signs are that the Loucheur movement is gaining ground.

"WAYFARER" writes:—"Without a key to the shifting scene of French political intrigue, and a close knowledge of the eternal variations in its personal and journalistic relationships, it is difficult to say what M. Loucheur's visit means. He is a kind of *maitre-chanteur* of French politics, a man with a past in industrial finance, and a fairly certain future in the Ministerial class. Those who think of that future with reserve will be fortified by remembrance of the antic figures he paraded in his estimates of the damage done to French factories and cottages during the German occupation; while the better view of him is encouraged by his sensible demeanor to Herr Rathenau in the Wiesbaden interview, and the practical spirit of the famous scheme of Reparations concocted there. He is not a refined example of his class. But he may quite possibly be the states-

man who will finally strike a bargain with Germany, for he is neither as stupid as Poincaré nor as mercilessly old-fashioned as Clemenceau. He can speak and he can think; and emphatically he is the man to 'transact' with—when Poincaré's crooked ways and merciless idealism have been overthrown. The difficulty is to imagine how this is to come about, with such a Chamber as exists to-day, and with Tardieu and their like to check the faint beginnings of a liberalizing movement within the existing Government."

THE defeat of the Government by seven votes in the House of Commons last Tuesday was, of course, mainly due to the looseness of the Whips and the lethargy of the rank and file of the party, not yet recovered from the Easter holidays. It was not a preconceived trap, but was helped by the dissatisfaction felt in Conservative quarters at Major Boyd-Carpenter's statement on the salaries of ex-Service temporary clerks appointed to permanent posts. The immediate consequences were not serious, for, though in the heat of triumph it was suggested by Mr. Pringle and others that a new session alone could put the Government in order, the Government could not possibly accept this view; and it was held that the question "That the Speaker do now leave the Chair" could be resubmitted on the next evening. The sequel on Wednesday night was an uproar. Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who persisted in the refusal to answer Labor's complaints, moved the closure. This produced a scene of violent disorder, in which the "Red Flag" was sung and a Unionist slapped a Labor member in the face with an order paper.

ON Wednesday the peace negotiations between the master-builders and the operatives broke down, therefore the employers' notices posted last week-end to enforce a reduction in wages and an extension of working hours will cause, we suppose, a lock-out in the building trade to-day. This national stoppage will affect probably about half-a-million men. Both sides, in public statements issued after the failure of the negotiations, have agreed to refer the matters in dispute to arbitration. In the view of the representatives of the men, the masters have violated the National Wages and Conditions Council Agreement in posting lock-out notices. In the meantime, the Government have issued the text of a Housing Bill (which we shall examine in detail next week). The Bill appears to ignore the existence of the middle-class housing problem and of the slums.

AN effort was made on Monday to bring about a settlement in Norfolk; Mr. German, President of the Farmers' Union, and Mr. Gosling, President of the Transport and General Workers' Union, taking part in a conference with representatives of both sides. The men originally proposed thirty shillings for a fifty-hour week, and then, on Mr. Gosling's suggestion, they proposed twenty-six shillings for a fifty-hour week. This the farmers refused. Most people remember the great dock strike for sixpence an hour. At that time sixpence was worth about a shilling to-day. The farmers are thus standing out for a wage that represents a degradation of

life below, far below, the standard that was thought disgraceful for unskilled labor forty years ago. No wonder they will not hear of a Wages Board! They know they would not have a leg to stand on.

RECENTLY the Croydon ratepayers were pleased to hear that they would have to pay less. They are now able to see how their Council effected the economy: the elementary schools are closed. The closing is the result of what looks suspiciously like sharp practice, and if so it certainly concerns the honor of the local ratepayers. The Croydon teachers came to an agreement with the Council in 1921 as to the Burnham scale on which they should be paid, and the teachers consented to take less than the full scale. This bargain the teachers have kept, even to the extent of refunding wages in 1922. But before Easter, the Council notified the teachers that the agreement terminated unless they consented further to the 5 per cent. reduction on the Burnham scale to which the teachers had agreed in national conference; yet carefully avoided reference to the fact that Croydon teachers had already consented to less than the full scale. In the business world behavior of this kind is properly stigmatized. The matter now rests, we should think, with the parents of Croydon. The education of their children should be of consequence to them.

THE reopening of the Lausanne Conference in ten days' time assumes a new interest in the light of recent developments at Angora. With the elections immediately impending, Mustapha Kemal has definitely organized his own party with a formal election programme—this despite the theory that at Angora none is for a party, but all are for the State. The Nationalist leader's platform has nine planks, of which the most controversial is that providing for the maintenance of the abolition of the Sultanate, there being, rather surprisingly, a party at Angora opposed to this definitive constitutional change. What "equal and equitable dispensation of justice" means in relation to capitulations time will show. Simultaneously, the Angora Government, having established a "dry" Turkey, has destroyed one of the assets on which the Ottoman Debt is secured, and has so far declined to substitute any other revenue-producing asset for the liquor duties thus abolished. On top of this the Assembly has finally ratified the notorious Chester concession, which has been under negotiation intermittently since 1904. This gives to a predominantly American group railway and mining rights over a wide area where French and British and other concessionaires consider themselves firmly established. The Lausanne conversations are not likely to be postponed, as some of the more excitable French writers demand, but they may become extremely lively.

LORD ROBERT CECIL, who has now ended his visit to the United States and gone on to Canada, appears to have carried through a delicate task with remarkable success. To have gone to America as a propagandist would have been fatal to the cause of which Lord Robert is the unwearied advocate. By insisting that he is in America simply to give information and answer questions, he has, if the cabled reports are to be trusted, avoided almost inevitable pitfalls with singular tact. Probably he has failed to keep himself entirely free of suspicions of undue "Wilsonism," but to have converted so stout an opponent of the League of Nations as the Republican Senator Pepper, is an achievement sufficient to cover many false steps. There is beyond any

question a vast mass of latent pro-League feeling in America. The alleged nine-million majority against the League at the last Presidential election is the most transparent of fictions, the truth being that the "association of nations" plank in the Republican platform enabled millions of pro-League electors, who would otherwise have backed Cox, to give their support to Mr. Harding. The impression made by Lord Robert Cecil's sincerity and discreet zeal should do much to give that sentiment shape and direction, despite the Hearst-boasted broadcasting of a characteristically biased and ill-informed article by Mr. Lloyd George on the League.

THE Commission appointed by General Smuts, as the result of criticisms passed at the League of Nations Assembly, to investigate the causes of last year's rebellion of the Bondel Hottentots in South-West Africa, and the methods by which it was suppressed, has just issued its findings. Considering that South-West Africa is held by the South African Government under mandate as "a sacred trust of civilization," the report is a damning document, even though its military member, General Lemmer, who evidently believes there is nothing like bombing, can find nothing to criticize. The other two members, Dr. Roberts of Lovedale College, and Mr. C. T. Loram, a Cambridge South African who was once a master at the Leys School, report that no effort had been made by the Administration to educate the rebel tribe to new conditions of life. They condemn the dog-tax (refusal to pay this tax was the beginning of the whole trouble), for the double reason that it was excessive and intended to compel the natives to work for farmers. They condemn equally the action of the Administration in charging the natives 30s. for branding-irons which they were not allowed to use or keep. As to the alleged indiscriminate bombing of women and children, the Commission makes the sufficiently obvious comment that the rebels should have been warned and summoned to surrender before being bombed from the air.

DEVELOPMENTS in Russia remain obscure and disquieting. Mgr. Budkiewicz has been duly shot and the septuagenarian Archbishop Czepliak carried off to his ten years of solitary confinement. So much for the Roman Catholic Church. Now the Orthodox Communion has its turn once more. Any lingering doubt as to the fate of the Metropolitan Benjamin has been dissipated, and the trial of the Patriarch Tikhon was to have opened this week. At the last moment, however, a postponement has been announced, apparently to admit of the unfrocking of the Patriarch by the "Red" Bishop Antonin, whose Church holds its annual convocation on Sunday. That will clear the path materially for the Public Prosecutor, Krylenko. In the face of these events, and of the receipt of two extremely undiplomatic Notes by the British official agent, Mr. Hodgson, a section of the British Cabinet favors the breaking-off of such diplomatic relations as exist. For such a course there are no grounds whatever at present, though if the Soviet Government declined to observe elementary diplomatic amenities there might be no choice but to withdraw the British agent. Meanwhile, Mr. F. A. Mackenzie, in an instructive presentation of the whole Russian situation in the "Daily News," insists, like all observers who have seen Russia from within, that any attempt at external intervention would be disastrous. A "palace revolution" there may well be on the final disappearance of Lenin. But the Soviet oligarchy is to all appearance as firmly seated

CONDITIONS in Roumania give just cause for disquiet, though they appear by no means so grave as the propagandists of certain neighboring States would suggest. The adoption of the new Constitution by both Chambers of the Legislature, the whole Opposition abstaining from voting, has brought matters to a head. One clause, nationalizing the subsoil of the country, which includes oil-wells as well as minerals, has, naturally enough, raised fierce antagonism at home, and at the same time caused some disquiet abroad, the position of existing concessions being by no means clear. More serious are the racial discontents provoked by a discrimination between the rights accorded to the different religious communities, the Orthodox Church coming off best and the Protestants worst. Hungary has already cited Roumania before the coming League of Nations Council in respect of the treatment of her former nationals under Roumanian sovereignty, and it would be well for the League to make the field of its inquiry as wide as possible. Politically, the fall of the Brătianu Ministry seems imminent, and there are predictions of an upheaval more fundamental. But for these there is little visible basis.

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A LETTER by Major Darley, formerly Frontier Officer on the Kenya-Abyssinia border, in Monday's "Times," serves as vigorous reinforcement to the evidence tendered by Mr. J. H. Harris in a recent pamphlet on the continued existence of slavery on the widest scale in Abyssinia. This is no question of peonage or domestic servitude, but of slave-raiding and slave-trading that have resulted in the complete depopulation of broad ranges of territory. Major Darley tells of the bands of yoked slaves seen by a Foreign Mission in 1920. Mr. Harris states that the local Sultan draws fees of a dollar a head for slaves shipped across the Red Sea to Arabia through the Somaliland port of Tadjourah. A serious aspect of the whole question, so far as this country is concerned, is that the Foreign Office has so far not consented to put at the disposal of the League of Nations the information it admittedly possesses on the subject.

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THE King of Spain has signed a decree dissolving the Cortes, and elections take place towards the end of the month. Since the outgoing Administration in Spain usually has means to secure itself a majority at the polls—the rotativist system being maintained by pre-election changes of Ministry—there is a good prospect of the Liberals coming back to power. But the electoral situation is even more confused than usual, the Guerra Cabinet's alienation of the army by its decree dissolving the military juntas being followed by the Alhucemas Cabinet's alienation of the Church by its declaration for the genuine freedom of all religions. It is true that the strongest advocate of that measure, the Finance Minister, Señor Pedregal, resigned before the dissolution of the Cortes, but if the three Liberal groups hold together they can count on having the Church dead against them. At the same time, a peasant movement, discreetly patronized by the priests, for the break-up of the great estates has gained unexpected vigor, and the usual autonomous tendencies in Catalonia are as manifest as ever. Señor Pedregal, who, despite his resignation, was essentially one of the strong men of the Alhucemas Cabinet, is a Republican. That movement has distinctly to be reckoned with. Whoever actually comes back will have to face once more the weary task of searching for a Morocco policy.

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AN Irish correspondent writes:—"The present week has brought a reasonable assurance of early peace in Ireland. The strength of the Republican movement has always been in the South, and in particular in County Cork, and since in these latter days the movement became one of revolt from a majority opinion, it has been characterized in Cork by a purely political motive, and has not been so stained with the motives of agrarianism and greed which have elsewhere marked it. For weeks past it was plain that many of the Southern military leaders had grown convinced that the possibility of successful armed resistance to the Free State had vanished, and were anxious for a negotiated settlement. Steps in this direction were taken by important leaders like Liam Deasy and Thomas Barry. A sensational disclosure this week of captured documents has made the position abundantly clear, and has revealed the fact that a peace resolution brought before their Executive was rejected only by a single vote. The motion was in these terms: 'That, in the opinion of the Executive, further armed resistance and operations against the Free State Government will not further the cause of independence of the country.' The documents make it plain that in the opinion of many officers commanding Irregular brigades in the South a summer campaign cannot be undertaken, and that the wastage of men in arrests and casualties has made a prolonged struggle impossible. From this opinion Liam Lynch, the Irregular Chief of Staff, was a resolute dissident. The news, therefore, of his death on Tuesday last from wounds received in an engagement following on the surprise by Free State forces of a conference of Republican leaders in Tipperary is of capital importance. The position is narrowing down to the point of saving susceptibilities and arranging for an honorable capitulation. In this connection, the report that the Irish Hierarchy have requested Monsignor Luzzo to use his good offices in the service of peace is of some importance.

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"LORD DERBY'S tour of the Six Counties was arranged as a step in the consolidation of the Northern Government within its present arbitrary frontier. It has had a remarkable conclusion in a declaration of Sir James Craig, made in Lord Derby's presence, that 'his visit meant that the great question of the Border was practically thrown altogether into the background, and probably would never rise again.' It is well that the English people should realize what this means. Most people are agreed that the partition of Ireland will be ended only by an internal accommodation brought about by common sense and a perception of economic facts. In the meantime the Treaty stands. But Sir James Craig's statement means that a vital clause of the Treaty is to be ignored by one of the signatories against the will of the other. This infallibly opens the way to a revision of the Treaty ending in the deletion of the oath in its present form and of the Governor-General. To preserve the ordinary principles of representative government, to honor its signature of the Treaty, and by doing so to retain these two rather meaningless and feudal anachronisms, the Free State has been driven to war against brother Irishmen. If the Treaty is broken by the abandonment, without consent, of the essential Clause 12, a revisionist programme will unite and sweep the country. Lord Derby's public association with Sir James Craig's statement has brought this prospect perceptibly closer."

Politics and Affairs.

REUNION AT WORK.

A "UNITED Liberal Party" has won Anglesey, and all those who believe that Party counts more than principle are applauding the triumph, and assuming that such "union" will produce a similar result in all the constituencies of Britain. Perhaps a little examination of the position in this remote Welsh island may somewhat modify these first exultations. A rich man of a very honest Radical strain who now called himself a Labor candidate fought a very rich man who called himself a Liberal candidate. A genial Tory "also ran," although for ninety years Anglesey has never returned a Tory to Parliament. The seat was held formerly by General Sir Owen Thomas, who won it as a Labor man, and won it as an Independent, and who would have won it if he had stood as a Christian Scientist or a Vegetarian. Anglesey is under the very shadow of the Lloyd George demesne. Sir R. J. Thomas, who is now its member, was one of Mr. Lloyd George's Baronets in 1918. For four years from that date, as a National Liberal, he was giving general support to that Coalition policy the heritage of which makes the Augean stables look like a conservatory. His adoption by the whole Liberal Party has succeeded in raising his votes by a thousand. The local Liberals were presented with the edifying spectacle of Mr. Macpherson, Cabinet Minister in Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition Government; Sir John Simon, who fiercely denounced every measure that Mr. Macpherson supported; and Mrs. Lloyd George, liberated from Criccieth like the dove from Noah's Ark, simultaneously affirming the wickedness of Labor and the greatness of the National Liberal candidate. As far as one can judge from the newspapers, they propounded no policy and unfolded no programme. Anglesey, a region of peasant holders and small farmers, who in all Europe can be most easily scared by the cry of Socialism, voted for the "National Liberal," probably, as Mr. John remarked, "because of the gratitude of the people for the benefactions of a very generous neighbor," and the very generous neighbor comes to Parliament—a notable addition to any small band in the House of Commons who still uphold the banner of the ideal.

Does any man imagine that Liberalism is to be saved by such manipulations as these? It has on such a system defeated a Labor attack in Anglesey; it will on such a system create hopeless ruin in all the industrial centres. If it is to survive as a vital force embodied in a Party, it demands two elemental necessities. First, the repudiation of almost everything which has been done in its name by the most disastrous Government in British history; and second, the proclamation of a faith by which a man can live. Why is it that Labour, in 1922, was able to sweep Liberalism, National or otherwise, out of the great cities? It was not more efficient organization. It was not a superfluity of money. It was not the so-called division of a great Party. For the election showed that there were few National Liberals who exercised their votes in the great masses of the constituencies. It was simply because Labor was aflame, and because the betrayal of those ideals in the scandalous election of 1918, and the subsequent ruinous and foolish work of the Coalition, had quenched that flame and committed the Liberal Party to burnt-out wreckage. The spirit of the men who conjured the electors from their homes and cellars and sent them to the poll, animated by a great passion for reform, was the spirit in which Liberalism once won its great victories in 1906 and again in 1910.

The spirit of Liberalism will not die, though its existing form may perish; or, if it did die, the world would be in danger of perishing also. The spirit of Mussolini in Italy, the spirit of Trotsky and his colleagues in Russia, the spirit of Mr. Lloyd George in attempting a Dictatorship in England, the spirit, if there be one here, which demands a coercive regulation of the intimate life of men and women by the State—all these, however little they may know it, are spirits of a Toryism which has existed for centuries. Confront Mussolini with his fellow-countryman Mazzini; confront Trotsky with Tolstoy; confront Mr. Lloyd George with the spirit of Gladstone or Harcourt or Campbell-Bannerman; confront even bureaucratic Socialism with the ideals of Morris or Ruskin or any who believed that liberty was a precious element in man's life, and you will find a widely sundering division between those who believe in the right of the common people and those who would establish the rule of a sect over the minds and the bodies of the people.

The Liberal Party's work is not cleverly to intrigue a unity among people who a few months ago were denouncing each other as moral lepers. Its work is to understand and preach Liberalism. The more it unites with those who betrayed that great cause five years ago the less chance there appears of any union or understanding with the Labor Party, which, in the main, is Liberal in thought, and the majority of whose members are carrying on or fructifying the same ideals as those with which the Liberal Party of the nineteenth century inspired the rank and file of the working people. They all demand the liberation of these people from the destroying pressure of material poverty; that they and their children shall have equal opportunities of self-development with those who now possess the earth and the factories and workshops which are stationed upon it. Their claim is that they shall enjoy the earth. If a Liberal Party could arouse itself to the realities which such a policy involved, careless of the possible desertion of some of its rich supporters, and present to the people a creed, not as a method of gaining votes but as a means of transforming England from her present anarchy, it would have no need to tout for supporters in a party which joined with the Tories to betray the country into the control of Big Business. If it has rejected its old faiths, and sees no remedy for the social evils which are agitating the present generation, it had far better disappear with the confession that its own particular work is done. "Cut it down" might be the verdict, as on the fig tree of old which brought forth leaves but no fruit. "Why cumbereth it the ground?"

In such a case it is just possible that politics in England might revert for a time to the politics of Soviet Russia, in which there might be bare, naked, and brutal struggle between the "haves" and the "have nots," each demanding, in Carlyle's simile, a greater share of the pig trough. It is far more probable that the spirit of Liberalism would return, as it will return in Italy despite Mussolini, and in Russia despite Trotsky; embodied in the Labor Party, or in some form of it which scarcely realized the meaning of its creed, and might repudiate the name of the faith which it preached. But hard work is necessary if Liberalism and Labor are to combine in a constructive policy based on good international relationships, working together as a Government with a majority which will make England, if not a home fit for heroes, at least a land where honest men and women may realize that life need not, after all, be a burden to be merely borne with what patience is possible.

M. LOUCHEUR INTERVENES.

M. LOUIS LOUCHEUR has visited London and discussed a Reparation settlement plan with the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and others. He has gone back to France fully satisfied with his interviews, and may return here shortly with authorization to voice the considered views of the French Government. Whatever may be said of this episode, it does at least lift Anglo-French relations out of the abyss into which the benevolent impotence of Mr. Law and the malevolent futility of M. Poincaré had plunged them.

That in itself is something, but before anything more than the most cautious welcome can be given to M. Loucheur's initiative a number of necessary questions have to be answered. Who, to begin with, is M. Loucheur? What is the nature of his plan? Is it of such a character that the British Government could give it general approval? That Germany would come some way to meet it? And that the French Government would be content to accept it? The last of these questions is the most immediately pertinent, and so far it remains without an answer. Any plan conceived by M. Loucheur is pretty sure to be practical, and, as such, worthy of practical men's consideration; but unless at this juncture its author can carry the Government of his country with him, little more than academic interest attaches to his ideas. As for M. Loucheur himself, no one would describe him as an idealist. But he is essentially—what is at least as important in present circumstances—a realist. He sees what is possible and what is not, and no false sentiment or shallow optimism drives him off in pursuit of the latter. Viewed simply as a practical man, he has a notable record. Rising, like so many Frenchmen of prominence, from comparatively humble origins, he made a large fortune as an engineer, succeeded M. Albert Thomas as Minister of Munitions during the War, did effective work after the Armistice as Minister for the Liberated Regions, and drew a highly colored picture of its financial aspect. In his negotiations with Dr. Rathenau at Wiesbaden in 1921 he showed considerably more appreciation than most Frenchmen of the possibility of coming to a rational agreement with the Germans. Perhaps that is why the Wiesbaden accord remained largely a dead letter.

M. Loucheur, of course, is not a member of the Poincaré Government. He is not on particularly cordial terms with the French Premier, being a good deal less *en rapport* with him than with President Millerand. But M. Poincaré knew, and did not disapprove, of the projected visit to London, and received a report on it the moment M. Loucheur returned. Whether he is now prepared to accept the Loucheur plan in its main features, or whether if he denounced it public opinion would force it on him or his successor, is still completely uncertain. But let it be assumed, for the moment, that M. Loucheur, in unfolding his own ideas, was submitting a plan which France, whether led by M. Poincaré or another, would broadly accept. The question then arises whether this country and Germany, the convinced concurrence of both of whom is essential, would be justified in accepting it equally.

At this point it has to be remembered that no authoritative statement as to M. Loucheur's proposals or suggestions has yet appeared, though a good deal of attention has naturally been attracted to an article on the subject which appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" the day after M. Loucheur had been entertained at lunch by the proprietor of that journal. From this and other sources a sufficiently clear idea of the plan in question can be derived. Influenced by the current of thought

which in France, and to a lesser extent here, is linking the Reparations and security issues as inseparable, M. Loucheur has evolved a scheme of settlement which stands as it were on three legs—Reparation payments, Rhineland demilitarization, and a military guarantee for France. As regards Reparations he appears to take as his basic figure the total of fifty milliards, which in one form or another now figures in every Allied discussion, and which would give France, in accordance with the Spa agreements, twenty-six milliards, being 52 per cent. of the whole.

It is with the twenty-six milliards that M. Loucheur is primarily concerned. France must have that as minimum, and to it must be added no doubt something relatively inconsiderable for Belgium and Italy. What is more, France is to get her twenty-six milliards free of any ultimate deduction for repayment of debt, the whole debt settlement being manipulated, palpably to France's advantage, on lines for which the Balfour Note, as modified by Mr. Bonar Law's declarations at the December Conference, provides some sort of precedent. The suggestion attributed to M. Loucheur of actually transferring the Allies' American indebtedness to Germany would, if seriously advanced, argue an incredible ignorance of American mentality. The real fact no doubt is that so long as France gets twenty-six milliards and a complete debt clearance, other interested States can, so far as French negotiators are concerned, make what arrangements they like.

In such a settlement two factors are clearly involved, Reparation payment and debt remission. As to the former, it is now a matter of common knowledge that Dr. Bergmann had intended to propose at the January Conference in Paris a total payment by Germany of thirty milliard gold marks; and the German Foreign Minister, Dr. Rosenberg, has since explicitly declared that Germany will find a larger sum if an impartial international commission on which she herself has fair representation declares that possible. There should therefore be no insuperable difficulty in securing from Germany a sufficient sum to satisfy France, provided most of Germany's other creditors, this country in particular, are prepared to forgo their own claims for further Reparation, and in addition cancel France's indebtedness to them. What is to be our attitude towards that singularly complacent demand? So far as broad principles go, it has been defined in advance by Mr. Bonar Law, who declared at the London Conference in December, in spite of the Balfour Note, that "if he saw some chance of a complete settlement with a prospect of finality, he would be willing to run the risk in the end of having to pay an indemnity, that is to say of paying more to the United States of America than Great Britain would receive from the Allies and Germany." The opening words of that declaration are the crux of the whole Reparation controversy. For "a complete settlement with a prospect of finality" this country would accept almost any sacrifice. But one vital and fundamental condition must be fulfilled without equivocation. No settlement can be tolerated or contemplated that involves either the dismemberment of Germany or the establishment of a French military hegemony in Europe.

It is that consideration that must determine our attitude towards M. Loucheur's proposals for France's security. What he aims at under this head is the gradual but rapid evacuation of the right bank of the Rhine; the evolution of the Rhenish provinces on the left bank into a separate federal State (like Baden or Wurtemberg) within the German Republic, perpetually demilitarized and policed under the supervision of the League of Nations; the permanent autonomy of the Saar

Valley under the League of Nations; and the signature by both France and Germany of a general pact of non-aggression.

For security provisions conceived broadly on these lines there is everything to be said. Without something of the kind there will be no peace in Europe, for France's fears and suspicions, whether justified or groundless, are an essential fact in the situation, to be taken account of whether we like it or not. But any particular set of provisions must be subject to the most vigilant scrutiny, not least those for which M. Loucheur is understood to have made himself responsible. It must be said at once that one or two of the proposals, in the form in which they have been put forward or interpreted by French public opinion, are quite unacceptable. To take first one of the less important, the right of the Saar Valley inhabitants to opt in 1935 for return to full German sovereignty cannot be taken from them as M. Loucheur suggests. They do not want to remain under the League of Nations, and the Treaty of Versailles gives them unfettered right to end the present *régime* twelve years hence. That right cannot be abrogated except with the free consent of the people themselves.

Such consent, however, might conceivably be given to union with a demilitarized Rhineland if the status of that territory were what in justice it should be. M. Loucheur, while vigorously combating the idea of a buffer State or any economic or political severance from Germany, does advocate severance from Prussia and the creation of a new federal State within the Reich. Now territorial distinctions in the new Germany may mean much or little. But manifestly the worst way to secure the desired end is to present it as the fixed aim of Germany's bitterest enemy. In any case, whatever the status of the Rhineland, it is to be permanently demilitarized under the League of Nations. There is nothing new in that. The Treaty of Versailles expressly provides for it as the Allied armies withdraw from the now occupied area. What M. Loucheur would do, if he is rightly understood, is to establish the League *régime* now instead of in 1935, or whatever date may be fixed for the end of the occupation. In principle that may be sound, and Germany should be the last to object, *provided* certain conditions, on which the British Government should be adamant, are fulfilled. If such a task is to be entrusted to the League it must be a League set beyond suspicion of partiality. Germany must, as part of the general settlement, become a member both of the Assembly and of the Council. And the League force in the Rhineland, whether it be merely an expert inspectorate or a limited gendarmerie, must be answerable to the League, and no one but the League, and so constituted that France and Belgium, and, indeed, the Allies as a whole, enjoy no kind of predominance in it. Given the fulfilment of those conditions, there is much to be said for the proposal. It would be linked of necessity with the general treaty of mutual guarantee, as its chief apostle, Lord Robert Cecil, calls it in this country, or the pact of non-aggression, as M. Loucheur appears to style it in France. Such a pact, based on the fullest reciprocity, Germany receiving as much protection from France as France receives from Germany, and both countries being defended by the guarantee of every other signatory, would be the best security, short of a moral revolution, for European peace. That alone would make reduction of armaments possible.

There is one final difficulty in the way of the Loucheur proposal. That M. Poincaré would have to eat his words about remaining in Essen till the last mark is paid is immaterial. France can easily find a politician unfettered by such windy protestations to take M. Poin-

caré's place. But under the Treaty the Rhineland is occupied not as guarantee of security, but as guarantee, primarily, of the payment of Reparations. If France is to be asked to sacrifice that gage she may reasonably ask for some alternative pledge for the payment of her twenty-six milliards. It is conceivable that the League, by a wide development of the activities it has exercised so beneficially in the case of Austria, could undertake that responsibility. A more hopeful solution would be the floating of a series of international loans which would leave Germany indebted, not to the Allied Governments, but to bondholders the world over. This part of the scheme needs careful thought.

But speaking generally, M. Loucheur has rendered the world a substantial service. For he has concentrated attention afresh on proposals, not in themselves new, on which a reasonable France and an honest Germany could come to terms in a day, with the practical certainty that this country would countersign their agreement.

PROFESSORS AND PROTECTION.

For half a century agriculture has been a declining industry in this country. It paid our people better to buy an increasing proportion of their food from foreign countries and our Empire, where it could be produced more cheaply, sending out as purchase-money the manufactured goods we could produce better and more cheaply. Hence a continuous reduction of arable cultivation with a reduction in agricultural employment, and no adequate compensation in dairy farming and other rural production. This issue, like many others, has been sharpened by the war, which lifted agriculture into a brief period of immense prosperity, to be let down afterwards into a corresponding depression. The drought of two summers ago accelerated the inevitable collapse, and farmers who had bought their land at war prices found that peace prices for their produce spelt early ruin. Others, who had made large profits during the war, saw those profits swept away as prices fell and the Government guarantees were prematurely withdrawn.

So they naturally called upon the State to find the further subsidies they needed to sustain them in some other less obtrusive ways than the direct drain upon tax revenue which they had enjoyed for some years past. The Government appointed as a Tribunal of Investigation three economic professors, one of whom was a well-known Protectionist and one of the chief supporters of the Chamberlain proposals of twenty years ago. The interim report of this Tribunal is a characteristic product of the academic mind trying to be practical. It is at once rash, timid, intricate, and ineffective. The professors know very well that the real reasons for the feebleness of British agriculture are lack of security of tenure, and of incentive to efficiency among the actual tillers of the soil, and a failure to apply the scientific methods and co-operation for production and marketing which are found in such countries as Denmark and Belgium. Education and co-operation are the real remedies, as indeed our professors seem in part to realize. But, if these remedies are to operate effectively, that free competition with other countries where they are already operating must not be withdrawn. The way to stop our farmers from putting brains into their work, and business methods of co-operation into their marketing, is to safeguard them at the expense of their fellow-workers against foreign competition. Yet this is just what our

professors propose to be done in a variety of little insidious doles and taxes and interferences.

The most audacious of these proposals is for import duties on malting barley and hops, thus diverting more of our limited acres into the service of beer, and proportionately reducing the land and labor available for increasing our home production of food. They would doubtless repudiate this intention. But the first effect of these duties is to discriminate in favor of these brewing materials against wheat and barley for feeding. So much for their rashness. Their timidity is illustrated in their absurd proposals for helping milling and wheat growing. They dare not propose open duties on foreign wheat, or even foreign flour. So they suggest a hampering requirement that importers of wheat flour should be compelled to send a corresponding proportion of wheat offals for dairy, pig, and poultry feeding. This is to meet the deficiency and high price of offals for our farmers. This regulation, if it worked, would enable them to get offals more cheaply. At whose expense?

It is this question that intelligent readers of this egregious document will put at the close of each recommendation. Protective duties on barley and hops will mean "your beer will cost you more," unless it be held that brewers can afford to pay out of their high profits, and will prefer to do so rather than raise the price of beer. At any rate, the duties would stop reduction of price otherwise feasible.

The restricting conditions upon free wheat flour, taken in conjunction with the preferential use of arable land for barley, hops, and potatoes, must raise the price of wheat loaves in this country. "Your loaf will cost you more." Potatoes are to be protected against dumping by licences for importation. Beet sugar is to continue to enjoy exemption from excise as an "infant industry." All imported foods are to be clearly marked with the name of the country of origin, so as to work most effectively the prejudice against foreigners.

So we have a mixed handful of little Protective proposals, open or veiled, direct or indirect, with Imperial Preference, anti-dumping, "infant industries." An able and open-minded Protectionist rejoices, holding that such a policy

"is certain to cheapen food. It will quite certainly increase employment. It will tend to create a stronger market for our industrial products, and to redress the steep inequality of balance between agriculture and the rest of industry."

Surely this statement cannot stand. Redressing the inequality of balance means subsidizing agriculture out of the rest of industry, with the inevitable result that, taking industry and agriculture together, the total production of wealth, and therefore the total employment in the country, will be diminished. It means that, by artificial State interference, the productive resources of the country will be employed less efficiently than before. Some capital and labor, which would have been more advantageously employed in industries whose export trade would purchase foreign foods, will now be put to produce a smaller amount of similar foods in this country. The great export trades of the country will inevitably suffer, and there is no reason for holding that this reduction of export trade will be adequately compensated by more internal trade. Indeed, the first general and inevitable result of these Protectionist and restrictive proposals is to damage production and raise prices in this country, subsidizing rent and farmers' profits (perhaps also agricultural wages) out of the profits and wages of the rest of the community. But that is not all. Not only do our professors endorse the proposals of the Committee on Credit

Facilities to apply State credit to prop up agriculture. They urge increased subsidies to local rates out of the Exchequer, so as to give "substantial relief" to farmers, while the State is to "take the responsibility of a reduction of not less than 25 per cent. on the existing" (railway) "rates" in the event of the failure of the railways themselves to make adequate reductions. In a word, the other ratepayers, taxpayers, and consumers in our country are to make good the failure of agriculture to pay its way, and they are to do this at a time when all these classes are themselves groaning under the burdens of high taxation, high rating, and high prices!

The Tribunal's approval of agricultural research, new systems of farm management, organization, and co-operative credit, and of the restoration of Wages Boards, is largely sterilized by these concessions to Protectionism. For if other people will make good all our deficiencies, why should we trouble to improve ourselves? What we complain of most is the feeble-mindedness of our professors. If they had put up a really bold policy for endowing agriculture out of other funds, because it was necessary to be self-sufficing for emergencies, and because a sound society required that at least half of its members should be living under wholesome rural conditions, we would have given our best consideration to the argument. But these puerilities go no way at all towards liberating us from dependence upon foreign foods, nor will they have any appreciable influence in breaking up our congested town populations, and improving the character and efficiency of our agriculture.

A GRAVE ISSUE.

MR. D. H. ROBERTSON remarks in the little book he has just published on "The Control of Industry" (Cambridge University Press and Nisbet. 5s.), that the severe depression of trade, which is terrible evidence of the shortcomings of capitalism, has driven many people to believe more than ever in its efficacy. The war was really a proof of the failure of private enterprise. Lord Milner pointed out the other day that if the history of the last few years is read correctly, it leads to a contrary conclusion to that which is generally drawn in debates and leading articles. It is not the sufficiency but the insufficiency of private enterprise that stares us in the face. But the old paradox that the remedy for liberty is more liberty is now applied to capitalism, and when we point to this or that obvious breakdown, we are told that the only remedy is to give a still freer hand to those whose blunders are the cause.

How far is this reaction to go? Lord Haldane points out in a most opportune article in the "Manchester Guardian" that we are threatened with a very serious danger. A number of London electricity supply companies are introducing a Bill in the Lords to increase their powers and to remove some of the powers of public purchase and administration. This is a move, and a very sinister move, against the attempt of the Electricity Commissioners and the L.C.C. to set up a Joint Electrical Authority for Greater London under the Act of 1919. This Authority would contain representatives of the L.C.C. and of extra-London local authorities other than undertakers, the local authority and company undertakers, the railway companies, and other large consumers. It is this scheme that these private interests seek to defeat, and if they succeed they will not only inflict serious loss on London, they will strike a fatal

blow at the national scheme for supplying cheap electricity, on the success of which our industrial future depends. Two questions arise that involve each other closely. Is the nation to be exploited? Is the nation to hold its own as an industrial nation?

For what are the facts? Amid all the official literature of Reconstruction, nothing that was produced was more valuable or striking than the Report of the Coal Conservation Committee of which Lord Haldane was chairman. This Committee investigated the whole problem of the supply of electrical power with the aid of the most competent and the most experienced experts in the country. It reached some very startling and inspiring conclusions. For it showed that if the nation acted with imagination and public spirit, it could make an immense saving in money and in energy, and that we could extricate ourselves from the unwholesome atmosphere of the Industrial Revolution. This Committee conducted its inquiry at a time when war had sharpened our wits and our public spirit, and its conclusions were warmly welcomed. The Government of the day set up a second inquiry, and the new Committee, a Committee of the Board of Trade, corroborated its conclusions. The nation was shown that this immense wealth was lying at its door. We were consuming 80 million tons of coal on the production of energy for industrial purposes, and under this national scheme of electrification the consumption would be reduced to 25 million tons. Fifty-five million tons would thus be saved for export. The financial benefits of the scheme were put at a hundred millions a year. Other benefits were promised of great value to our cities and our homes, for the scheme would give us a cleaner atmosphere and cheap electricity in our houses. By this policy this new industrial revolution would bring an immediate advantage to every man, woman, and child in the country.

There was one difficulty in the way. In the less stimulating atmosphere of peace the old habits reasserted themselves, and when the Government brought in a Bill, the House of Lords detected a danger to property. The scheme meant that private interests were not to be allowed to make the most of their opportunities. This principle that the public advantage should come first was one of the dangerous innovations of the war. Consequently, the Lords removed from the Bill essential provisions: the provisions empowering the local authorities to initiate schemes for combining undertakings. In 1922, after a severe struggle, these provisions were carried in a modified form. When we compare the precipitate haste with which the coal industry was decontrolled, and the slow, gradual, and imperfect success with which these vital proposals have been carried into effect, we see how the balance of power shifted in politics during the depression of trade. We have now a body of Electrical Commissioners who are carrying out a careful and guarded policy, because they shrink from the more ambitious scheme recommended by the Coal Conservation Committee. Progress at the best will be slow, and if these London companies succeed in their attack on the whole policy it will probably cease altogether. Meanwhile the importance of this reform becomes more and not less urgent. The Industrial Revolution gave England her predominance in the nineteenth century in the main because of the advantages of her coalfields. We are deliberately wasting these advantages; we are deliberately putting ourselves behind other nations in the kind of power that is going to tell in this century as coal told in the last. That is involved in our neglect of the recommendations of the Committee that reported in 1916. Our experts have told us what to do; the spokesmen of property tell us they will not have it done. The nation has to choose between them. And our industrial future depends on that choice.

THE AIMS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

It was a saying of Carlyle's that the true University is in these days a library of books; and we have certainly moved far in the last generation from the classic system of Oxford and Cambridge, with its emphasis upon residence and the tutor. The more modern method is the formal lecture at a college where the student merely attends so many hours a week to take his notes; and, as in the external degree of London University, we have even surrendered attendance at an institution of learning. The student is ceasing, at any rate in large measure, to absorb an atmosphere where the contact of mind with mind has been the basis of learning. The corporate fellowship of intellectual adventure tends to be replaced, in London above all, by an individual student who comes by train from the suburbs in the morning, and, after he has taken his dose of lectures for the day, returns to a home more or less dissociated from the University purpose.

Principal Barker rendered a real service when, addressing the Conference on New Ideals in Education last week in Oxford, he put in a plea for the older method. The business of a University is not to confer information. For the undergraduate, at least, its main function is to offer training in that discipline of mind which renders possible the creative analysis of problems. For him, how to know is more important than what to know. The amount he can hope to learn in his three years' work for the degree is always, save in exceptional

cases, small; but he can, at least, be taught the method of acquiring and utilizing knowledge. Principal Barker urges, with, we think, real truth, that the key to this attitude will be found in personal contact of two kinds. In part it comes from residence in a college. Continuously to rub shoulders with men engaged in a disinterested search, to discover the essential truth that all facts are not born free and equal, to become free of the great company of scholars—these things are the root of the University idea. It is only the extraordinary man who can gain them in solitude. It is only the divinely sent teacher who can communicate them by lecture. For most the effective way is living with other students in a kindred adventure. It is there that takes place the ruthless evaluation of ideas, the perception that scepticism is fundamental, the notion that knowledge is not a collection of formulæ.

The newer Universities are doing a great work; it is worth questioning, as Principal Barker questions, whether they are doing it in the right way. It is clear enough that certain great teachers, Pollard and Wallas in London, Tout and Alexander in Manchester, Thomson in Aberdeen, can transcend all the limitations of discontinuous contact. But the student to whom the teacher is normally a person who stands on a dais so many hours per week, whose life is a constant adjustment of trains, is deprived of half the virtues a University can communicate. He cannot, in any real measure, put forward the

half-articulate doubts, the exploration of which forms the real roots of his intellectual progress. He does not get the chance to leap from the known to that hinterland of inquiry in which lies the fascination of all mental work. There are no rooms to which he can retire with the surety that two or three of his fellows are gathered there to dispute about the ultimate meaning of the universe. It is in such an atmosphere of constant criticism and, as Principal Barker notes, a certain genial irony, that conventional dogmas secure their proper perspective. And when one is fortunate enough to have a tutor like Caird at Balliol, or Principal Barker himself in his Oxford days, the mental fabric can become a qualitatively different thing.

Our newer Universities are proliferating subjects of study, *more Americano*, on all sides. Commerce, technology, pure science, the remoter literatures—in every branch of learning new claims to attention are staked out. That research in all of these is fundamental goes without saying; a nation ultimately depends upon the research it endows. But if money is to be spent on the undergraduate, let us make it possible for him to live in fellowship with other undergraduates; intellectual salvation lies through the pathway of a common residence. And let the professor cease to be a lecturing machine and become rather an older companion by whose knowledge and standards the student's ideas can be tested. Above all, let us destroy the notion that the professor's work is done when he has left the buildings of his institution. The true teacher will make his home the annexe of his college. When he has half-a-dozen undergraduates interrupting each other round the fire of his study, he is probably fulfilling the purpose of education more truly than in any other fashion. Lectures can never be, in Principal Barker's phrase, a statutory method of salvation. The way is in discussion, in the linking of mind to mind in that informal atmosphere where the student is mentally unbuttoned and does not feel that, to justify his fees, he must cover so many pages of his notebook in the allotted hour.

For the result, at its best, of the tutorial system is that the student gains not only a guide but a friend. He is free to read, free to discuss, free to decide that certain lectures are not worth while; and all this in a background of critical irony which is morally cleansing as well as intellectually stimulating. No one who has seen the lecture-system at work can express an honest satisfaction with it. The lecturer who merely repeats what is better stated in text-books is usually sovereign there; and the number of men who can really lecture effectively is far smaller than we are wont to admit. There is room and to spare for lectures; but there is nothing in them of ultimate value unless they are an island in an ocean of critical discussion. They are noxious unless, in addition to the information they convey, they are also a genuine source of perplexity to the student. For the lecturer's business is not to still the small voice of doubt, but to give it the strength of Stentor.

Principal Barker would be the last to claim that the tutorial method at Oxford and Cambridge is perfect. Not every college produces the tutor who is equal to his task; many are as clearly unsuited to it as Mr. Lloyd George to the office of moral preceptor. But anyone who has seen the late Dr. Rivers at Cambridge, or the present Master of Balliol, or Mr. Herbert Fisher in those happier days when he was not in political life, will realize at once that the great tutor is the summit of the educational edifice. And it is not without significance that America, where the lecture-system and non-residence have run riot, is now turning more and more to the tutorial method and an approximation to the ancient collegiate system. So far, the American mistake has been to regard the tutor as an inferior professor;

but one day, doubtless, the great Oxford lesson will be learnt that a professor is a tutor whom it has become advisable to superannuate.

One other aspect of the University needs more emphasis in these days than it seems likely to attain. Subjects are being given the dignity of a University status—accounting is a good example—merely because their commercial value is obvious. The main texts of accountancy are not yet equal in intellectual value to the "Republic" of Plato. Railway transportation has its importance; but the "Ethics" of Aristotle has a disciplinary substance to which the literature of railways has not yet attained. The danger of these newer studies is that they induce the student to collect technical facts long before he has developed intellectual habits of mind. The facts in themselves are important; but it is the nation that has been trained in their evaluation that is, in the end, most likely to endure.

Life and Letters.

GHOSTLY ELEMENTALS.

"Who knows," asks the curious investigator of Urn Burial, "who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whether they are to be scattered?" And, in a later passage, he thus continues: "In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories, when to be unknown was the means of their continuation, and obscurity their protection. . . . Had the proprietaries of these bones made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. . . . There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporarily considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. . . . The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? . . . Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly."

How just were those observations of the learned investigator the explorers of an ancient Egyptian tomb have recently established. By precious embalmments, depositure in dry earthen, and handsome enclosure in decorated cases the old Egyptian king had contrived the notablest ways of integral conservation. Like that great antiquity America, he lay buried for thousands of years. In his wisdom he had not left his conservatory open and visible, but to be unknown was the means of its continuation, and obscurity its protection. Yet he knew not the fate of his bones, or how often he is still to be buried, whether in the museums of Thebes or Cairo or London. He made no such good provision for his name as for his relics, and the very pronunciation of that name is now a trouble of uncertainty. His vain ashes only arise unto late posterity as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglorious, and madding vices. Against the opium of time he has found no such antidote, and over his grandeur, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, the iniquity of oblivion has blindly scattered her poppy. Rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, he contrived his body in sweet consistencies,

to attend the return of his soul. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. That Egyptian mummy, which Cambyses or time had spared, antiquarian interest now consumes. Mummy is become merchandise, and Pharaoh is sold as a peep-show for photographers.

Yet not entirely, as it seems, does desecrated glory remain unavenged. Enclosed within the obscurity that was the protection of that royal tomb lurked diverse spirits, rivals for immortality and victors in duration. While the course of time roared and rattled through the continuance of three millenniums they squatted in darkness beside their royal charge, nursing a venom, and direful in potential death. "Elementals" these malignantly enduring spirits are called by their familiar intimates, such as Mr. Elliott O'Donnell and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, to name but two among the privileged wizards and prognosticators of our present age. Upon the precise nature of these obscure denizens in the sepulchre some divergence of doctrine even between the two spiritual explorers may appear. Addressing the receptive population of New York City, perpetually eager in pursuit of novel apparitions, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, that experienced detective of worlds visible and invisible, revealed the Elemental as "a built-up, artificial thing, an imbued force which may be brought into being by spirit means or by nature." A wide latitude of definition is thus allowed, and by what artifice the artificial thing is built up, or by what force imbued, remains a puzzling question, like the song the Syrens sang or the name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among the women. And, indeed, the ghostly interpreter ruffled the credulity of an American audience by admitting that "little was known in this connection, but there was evidence that Elementals existed, especially in regard to the Egyptians, who knew a great deal more about those things than we do." Since Sir Arthur Conan Doyle describes himself as receiving frequent advice on spiritual matters from an ancient Eastern spirit who lived in Arabia 3,000 or 4,000 years ago, he may be expected to receive more specific information concerning the watchful Elemental who entered into the body of the mosquito which bit Lord Carnarvon's cheek with fatal termination. For the Arabian spirit was contemporary with the Egyptian monarch in this life within a thousand years, which to a pertinacious spirit is but a moment's gap.

The rival authority in ghostly science, as reported to our ignorance, has ascertained that the Elementals are, as it were, the relics of an early attempt at the creation of mankind by Omnipotence. They might be compared to the rejected proof of an artist, the mould that cracked in the firing, the scenario of a final drama, the sketch of an amorous narrative, the lump of dough that refused the leaven's working. Omnipotence appears to have recognized the failure comparatively soon in eternity, and mankind, with all his blind errors and perversities, was a second and improved attempt. Mortal ignorance may regret that the first proof was not erased, the first mould pulverized, the stubborn dough kneaded again into a mixture more amenable. But that was not to be. The failures of Omnipotence were destined to abide, and to abide for ever. In what form they perennially survive, or by what propagation they multiply, remains beyond all conjecture of enlightened brains. In describing the fissiparous habits of animated jellies, whereby each jot maintains a perpetual existence in fragments indefinitely multiplied, a Professor in Knowledge of Life once proclaimed that Mankind abandoned Immortality for Love. To conclude that Elementals, being immortal, are therefore incapable of recruiting their numbers by the process of love is not a logical explication, but, we may hope, not outside the dictates of probability; otherwise

the terraqueous globe is likely to become overcrowded with the Elemental race; and who can estimate the biting assaults that we may suffer? Perhaps the multiplied propagation has been already realized; and if all our latter-day battles and murders, strikes and revolutions, White or Red terrors, and Fascismo "trampling over the putrefying corpse of Liberty" might be put to the charge of Elementals parasitic upon mosquitoes rather than to mankind's original iniquity, it were a comfortable attribution.

Nor were it incredible; for there is nothing that men are not anxious to believe, and will believe, provided that, like the old Father of the Church, they may say it is true because incredible and absurd. For the passing moment, Egypt is the main source of unbelievable truth, and Miss Marie Corelli, also addressing the American public, happy in never straining either at poisonous gnats or Egyptian camels, informs them she possesses a rare book, entitled "The Egyptian History of the Pyramids," which forebodes the most dire punishment to follow any rash intruder into a sealed tomb. If Reason still existed, Reason might suggest it was belated and futile to reveal this fateful secret to far-off Americans rather than to Lord Carnarvon, whose peril was instant; but we apprehend that when Elementals are thoroughly aroused, escape from their evil machinations is always frustrate. Similarly, it is as vain as obscurantism for officials at the British Museum to deny that an evil Elemental guards a certain mummy case supposed to be there. That they affirm the mummy case does not exist may display their culpable ignorance; that they "attach no credence whatever to such foolish stories" may argue their spiritual grossness; that they remark "they have no time to go further into such nonsense" may accuse them of indolence in the pursuit of their calling; but the faith of no true believer in that perilous Elemental will be for a moment shaken. For who can fix the limits of Credulity, or foretell when the Pillars of her multitudinous ocean shall be reached?

Once upon a time the present writer encountered a human being who thought he had swallowed a fairy, and was haunted by the terror of wondering what further action the ghostly visitant might adopt in its unfamiliar domicile. By the exorcism of hellebore and magic herbs, slivered in the moon's eclipse, he caused the fairy to discharge, and the patient's senses were restored to him. But how pitiable must be the plight of such as have already swallowed and will continue to swallow innumerable hosts of fairies (some of them photographed), whole companies of shrieking, squeaking, squealing, gibbering ghosts, astral bodies visible, photographed spirit faces of the dead swarming around the Cenotaph on Armistice Day, vengeful Elementals, levitated women, gazing crystals, stringy ectoplasm that writhes like worms, etheralized whisky, immaterial cigars, Raymond, and Mr. Vale Owen whole! What hellebore or magic herbs can suffice to purge them of a congeries so various and immense? The supply of superstition has never failed, nor can the prophecies of mathematics calculate its future differentiation. As Mantua to Cremona, it has ever been too close a neighbor to religion, and, as we read in that same treatise upon Urn Burial: "Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs." Each mortal among us may still ask, with the Roman Emperor, into what regions the guest and comrade of the body—poor, pallid, naked, wandering, bloodless thing—may be faring after the sensible surroundings of earth are left. But for our part, we shall peacefully hope no vicious Elemental stand sentry at our tomb nor accompany the soul upon its destined wanderings, not being ambitious of Egyptian

ceremonies, but satisfied with "those sober obsequies wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn." Ready, as our beloved author concludes—"Ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus."

DOLPHINS.

"WHAT do I call *them*, sir?" indulgently repeated an East Anglian fisherman, glancing in the direction of my pointing finger towards a mass of wooden piles at the dock entrance. "Why, they're dolphins!"

Now these structures have been laboriously defined by authority. They are *Centre posts*, to which ships may be moored, surrounded by several supporting posts.

"But for what reason on earth or water," I continued, "should they be called dolphins?"

"You must call them something," my informant insisted, "and that's their name."

Perhaps no creature has endured more frequently than the true dolphin that indignity, so humiliating to the individualist, of being called "out of its name."

The common *Delphinus* of zoology is the beaked cetacean of the Mediterranean and adjacent Atlantic, but it is often included with the round-headed *Phocæna* of our coasts under the popular title of porpoise. Both are gregarious and eminently sociable. The welcome of the celebrated and specially protected "Pelorus Jack" (an allied form of grampus) was superstitiously anticipated by voyagers approaching his home on the New Zealand coast. Ships, indeed, appear to allure them, either to a trial of speed or perhaps as useful rubbing posts for detachment of troublesome parasites. The agility of their gambols in the exhilarating froth of a vessel's cut-water; the ecstatic evolutions of their lithe, greenish-grey and white bodies, rising for air with the satisfied grunt of an ocean pig; their playful leaps and graceful headers, delight every seafaring lover of Nature. A row of them slowly plunging forward in line is believed to have confirmed the legend of a great sea-serpent; and by weather prophets they are hailed as harbingers of a barometer at set-fair. They may be harpooned from sailing-ships' bows, where a down-projecting spar beneath the bowsprit is named the dolphin-striker, and the porcine flavor of their dark red flesh is not to be disdained. Dolphins and porpoises are own cousins to the great sperm whale from which we derive spermaceti and ambergris; to the white Beluga of the North Atlantic which supplies the porpoise hide for our boots and laces; to the river and estuarine genera of India, China, and South America; to the Narwhal, bearer of the curious single, spiral, horn-like tooth which has earned it the title of sea-unicorn; and to the fierce killer (*Orca*), terror of polar seals, which on occasion combines into wolfish packs to prey upon the monstrous whale. And we all know that *Delphinoidea*, *Odontoceti*, Toothed Whales, call them which you will, are not gill-breathing fish, but mammals—scaleless; respiring air through lungs; suckling the young which they produce alive—whose ancestors, perhaps finding in distant æons that land was no longer endurable, ran away to sea.

But the active creature called dolphin by sailormen is no marine mammal, but a veritable fish. This *Coryphæna*, or *Dorado*, is a rapidly swimming pelagic form, a deadly enemy of the flying fish whose frenzied flights to escape annihilation often disclose the locality of these foes. One can see *Dorado* sometimes on clear, still days

near a ship, and then the creature appears even more intensely blue than those tropical seas to which it is so suitably adapted. From ancient times this fish has been renowned for the gorgeous magnificence of its colors when dying—not every corpse can ring kaleidoscopic changes from silvery electric-blue to bronze golden-green—and this lovely play of tints, so pleasing to the eye of guests supping with Lucullus, perhaps might reflexly stimulate jaded appetites. Still, we may suspect that these epicurean palates were regaled with some choicer substituted flesh, since to men not actually enduring cravings for fresh diet its meat seems dry and tasteless. Test this by catching one by a hook lashed with a tag of red and white bunting on a line boomed from the quarter of a vessel not exceeding a speed of nine knots, and culinary experts say that cooked with a piece of silver which remains unblackened ("Have you a shilling about you, sir?") it may be safely eaten.

What creature could more appropriately have been dedicated to Poseidon or Neptune, gods of oceans and large rivers, than this graceful and familiar marine form? Also, as sacred to Apollo, the Sun god, it seems emblematical of a connection between the dark mysteries of the sea and the glorious light of day. With Apollo's sacred shrine at Delphi, the very name *Delphinus* is entwined. It appears with Aphrodite rising from the foam with accompanying Tritons, Nereids, and Seahorses. Again and again the dolphin figures in pictures and statuary attendant on the deities; it participates in innumerable myths, and the constellation *Delphinus* was located in the heavens near the eagle of Zeus from earliest times. It is considered an appropriate ornament for drinking-fountains, or such marine paraphernalia as the breech handles of antique naval guns. So popular is it with seamen that H.M.S. *Dolphin* has appeared on the British Navy list since 1652, and "The Dolphin" still remains a favorite sign for seaside inns.

Then in its conventional form (which is possibly a combination of *Delphinus* and *Coryphæna*) it was emblazoned in the heraldry of the feudal ages, and gave its name to a French gold coin, originating in Dauphiné, which was once current in Scotland. Legend relates that Humbert, overlord of the Viennois in 1349, whose name was *Delphinus* and his crest a dolphin, ceded this province of Dauphiné to Philip of Valois under the stipulation that Dolphin, Daulphin, or Dauphin should henceforth become the official title of the eldest son of the French king. The same title was afterwards adopted by other grand seigneurs, and *Delphine* is to this day a familiar forename for French girls.

So far, the application of the word is sufficiently explicable, but it becomes less obvious when the term is attached to objects which have latterly lost their original form, or present merely a fanciful resemblance to it. To the former class belong the pipe and cover of water sources, and the weights anciently slung from the yard-arms of Greek war-vessels for the purpose of dropping on and staving enemy ships grappled alongside. In the latter class are included the black aphid or dolphin-fly, scourge of bean crops; and the *Delphinium* or dolphin-flower, our familiar larkspur, the modified inner petals of which bear a distant resemblance to the form of the heraldic head. The puddening of ships' yards, the double-ended mooring beams of wharves, and a peculiar kind of fishing-hook, all possibly earned the name "dolphin" from that common fusiform outline which is the prototype of our modern torpedo. But unless they were originally carved in this shape or use made (as on wharf-sides) of inverted marine guns for bollards, how can we derive these our dolphins-without-the-docks? A solution later presented itself.

As we passed to Amsterdam by way of the IJmuiden Canal, these posts occurred again. "What do you call those?" I ask. "Ducalvin."* "But one?" "Du(c)alf" (with the *c* very slightly sounded): Ducalvin, Dualvin, Dolphin! For sailormen capable of transforming Chimborazo to Jimmy Razor; Bellerophon to Billy Ruffian; and Mater Cara to Mother Carey, the transition is ludicrously simple. Hollanders themselves derive the appellation from Duke Alva, the savage tyrant of the Spanish dominion in the Netherlands; but opinions differ for the exact reason of his sponsorship. Some explain that the posts are rigid and unyielding as his iron will; others that the outline suggests a thick-necked man in a cloak, although against this it may reasonably be objected that Alva was tall and thin! The likelihood is that they received the sobriquet at the period when the viceroy was endeavoring to carry into force the inhuman decree of his master, Philip II., condemning every Dutchman to death! Judicial murders then so overflowed the customary execution grounds that doorposts, temporary posts in streets, and even these very mooring posts were utilized for the cruel purpose, and execrated under the hated name of their oppressor. But out of evil good at length came. Contact with the Spaniards, the great navigators of the period, stimulated the Netherlands, already almost amphibious, to increased activity at sea. Flemish manufactures arose in Europe as Arab influence declined in Spain, and when their increased shipping secured new markets, the Dutch became the master mariners of the world. In peace and war they were constantly in touch with us, their near neighbors, and during Duke Alva's reign of terror numbers sought the hospitality of our shores. Hence many names of their manufactures have passed into our language, and also many nautical terms. The words *Delf*, *Hollands* and *Holland*, *Geneva*, *gin*, and *frieze* serve as examples on the one hand, and *boom*, *schooner*, *skipper*, and *yacht* on the other. Possibly this *dolphin* is also one in corrupted form. Anyhow, these same structures are still called dolphins in England and Du(c)alvin in Holland. The connection seems something more than fortuitous, and is not uninteresting etymologically.

L. H. JONES.

Letters to the Editor.

MR. MURRY AND JUNG.

SIR,—Mr. Murry's intuitive perceptions of a reality lying beyond or underneath our intellectual cognition are, at times, so sensitive and clear that I am really at a loss to understand his complete inability to perceive what Jung has achieved. If Jung had written down in broken, eager words the actual spiritual experience which makes his thought a living force, Mr. Murry would have cried "Eureka." But when Jung achieves the infinitely more difficult task of formulating his own experience of the unconscious into conceptual language, thus bringing the shadowy and elusive into forms of knowledge, whereby every man under heaven can face the quest with understanding instead of nameless fear, Mr. Murry turns away from the chart with frank expressions of boredom.

It may be that Mr. Murry is too much of an artist to be concerned with the technique of navigation. He wants a recital of the risks and perils of the voyage, a living picture of the monstrous shapes and divine splendors of the other world; in other words, he wants the individual expe-

* This is phonetic, and suggests that corruption has occurred by elision of *kd*, but it might also have taken place by dropping the initial syllable. The dictionary form of the word is *Dukdalf* (plural, *Dukdalven*).

rience itself, and cares not at all for the troven treasure of general human knowledge abstracted by the scientist from the hurly-burly of experience.

But, even so, it is still a miracle that after reading Jung's reflections upon the "Significance of the Reconciling Symbol" and the "Idea of the Relativity of God" Mr. Murry can still cling firmly to the belief that Jung is merely engaged in trying to reanimate a corpse. It may be that Mr. Murry's extreme reaction to Lawrence's "Women in Love" suggests that he himself is in the same predicament as Lawrence, who for years has passionately been seeking some reconciliation between his eager, unbridled intuition and his cold and negative reason. To use the words of Plato, "It is the ancient quarrel between poetry and philosophy." Lawrence seems to have found, through great suffering, a personal relationship with his own unconscious, and, at the same time, with the woman who embodies it, and this is certainly the beginning of the way. Long ago, Jung came through those difficult waters, and for twenty years he has given the whole passion and power of his mind to the task of establishing general principles by which future navigators might steer their course.

The living symbol is born of the creative activity of the unconscious, but only those men who themselves are willing to go down into the abyss can find it. Jung is important, not because he was constrained to make the long and lonely voyage of the soul, but because he was the first man of our civilization to create a systematic knowledge, a technique and a chart of the unconscious. *Suche treu so findest du.*—Yours, &c.,

H. G. BAYNES.

LIBERALISM AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

SIR,—I hesitate to trespass further upon your space, but the letter of Mr. Arnold Lupton, in your issue of April 7th, seems to me to call for a reply. Mr. Lupton says in effect: "You have made certain specific charges against Mr. Lloyd George, and I fully admit the force and the truth of your indictment. Let us, however, in the name and for the sake of 'practical politics,' get together and work confusion in the enemies' ranks." Clearly the spirit of Machiavelli is abroad, and the ethics of "The Prince," it would appear, still find favor in quarters where one has the right to expect better things. I submit, sir, in all seriousness, that the question of political mistakes or blunders on the part of statesmen is not at all the question uppermost in the minds of many ardent and thoughtful Liberals at the present time. The issue is of a far graver nature, and is concerned with nothing more and with nothing less than the moral and intellectual integrity of our statesmen. History does teach that right and wrong are real distinctions, and it is upon the high character and disinterested patriotism of leading statesmen that the elevation and purity of our public life, in great measure, depend. There is a popular saying of Madame de Staël that we forgive whatever we really understand. We are not all so familiar with that other French saying: "Beware of too much explaining, lest we should end by too much excusing."—Yours, &c.,

JAS. B. BAILLIE.

National Liberal Club.

LONDON GOVERNMENT.

SIR,—I have read with interest the article in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for March 31st on the Government of London; but while I sympathize in some points with your aims, I differ strongly from your wish to concentrate in one body a number of incongruous duties, and particularly from your desire to destroy the separate existence of the Poor Law Guardians. I think that one of Lord Balfour's greatest blunders was the destruction of the London School Board. Speaking as a former school-manager of four or five years' experience, I can testify to the great difficulty which my school had in securing most necessary reforms, the need of which was not disputed by the L.C.C. Committee, but which that Committee could not, or would not, carry out, because the members of the Committee were occupied with so many other matters.

But the evils arising out of this blunder would, I believe, be less vital, as a rule, than those which would be

inflicted on the poor by the transference of the work of Guardians to either a central or a local Council which was occupied with totally different work. The difference may be described shortly by saying that while County and Borough Councils are concerned with *things*, the Guardians are concerned with *persons*. Roads, sewers, parks, and houses are all most important subjects of administration, but they can be dealt with, up to a certain point, in a wholesale way, and on certain very general principles; but the Boards of Guardians have to study the character and circumstances of each individual applicant separately; and by far their greatest danger is that they should be too rigid in their rules of judgment. Surely, these considerations should show that these different kinds of work need to be managed by different kinds of people, and that the Boards which administer them should be elected on quite different grounds of choice.

If your readers will turn to the very careful statement on Poor Law Reform issued by Mr. Charles Booth in 1907, they will see that while he advocates many changes in the areas of administration, the methods of dealing with sickness, &c., he insists on the retention of *ad hoc* election by ratepayers as a necessary part of the security for effective reform. This conclusion was the result of most patient investigation, both of the general facts of the condition of the poor and of the evidence brought before the Royal Commission.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Gainsborough Gardens, Hampstead, N.W. 3.

"THE PLIGHT OF AGRICULTURE."

SIR,—Certain points in your article on "The Plight of Agriculture" in your issue of March 24th receive amplification in the very interesting book entitled "Food," by Sir Charles Fielding, the late Director-General of Food Production. He says:—

"To sum up on the subject of unaccounted-for and seemingly unwarranted difference between producers' receipts and consumers' payments, there seems to be an excess of £175,000,000 now paid by the consumer and kept in the hands of the distributors, viz.:—

For Bread	£52,000,000
For Meat	£78,000,000
For Milk	£45,000,000

Total £175,000,000

over and above what is paid to the farmer, the railway, and in excess of the reasonable working costs of the miller, baker, and butcher, and after allowing about 10 per cent. profit on the cost of commodities they purchase and deal in."

Sir Charles Fielding also shows the part of the price paid by the householder which is obtained by the farmer, who has twelve months' work in growing wheat, and two or three years' work with his animals, till they are fit for slaughter or to milk, and the part which finds its way into other pockets, viz.:—

Farmer gets of the price paid for Bread	...	35 per cent.
Farmer gets of the price paid for Meat	...	40 per cent.
Farmer gets of the price paid for Milk	...	47 per cent.
Miller, baker, and transporter get of Bread price	...	55 per cent.
Butcher and allies get of Meat price	...	60 per cent.
Milk Combine and transporter get of Milk price	...	53 per cent.

Is this not a wonderful way of dealing with the primary necessities of life?—Yours, &c.,

L. L'ESTRANGE MALONE (MRS.).

RUSSIAN RELIEF.

SIR,—The magnificent task proposed to themselves by the Society of Friends for the relief of the famine in Russia is almost accomplished. The mission in Buzuluk will discontinue the issue of rations as soon as the next harvest is reaped. In the meantime, those at home have to maintain supplies and to pay for what has already been sent out.

The Quakers have worked on unmoved by political turmoil. In what we believe to be one of the worst of the famine areas of Russia not less than 150,000 people are being kept alive solely by the wonderfully efficient organization built up single-handed by a small religious denomination.

Latterly funds have been failing. For the sake of economy the Committee has been compelled to buy rye instead of wheat. Nevertheless, expenditure has exceeded income. A special effort, therefore, seems to be called for unless the work we have all learned to respect is to fail just short of a satisfactory conclusion.

We feel sure that as soon as they realize the position, the other Churches and many people of wide humanitarian sympathies will be ready to come forward with the funds required. We

understand that £12,000 is needed. Towards this amount we boldly ask, not only for small sums, but also for large. We feel justified in appealing especially to those who are able to give generously and in asking them to be willing to find considerable portions of the money.

Donations may be addressed to Lord Henry Bentinck, 17, Red Lion Square, London, W.C. 1.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES GORE,
ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR,
HENRY BENTINCK,
GEORGE W. BUCHANAN,
JOHN CLIFFORD,
BERNARD PARES,
THOS. NIGHTINGALE.

17, Red Lion Square, London, W.C. 1.
April 11th, 1923.

Poetry.

THE FADING PHANTOM.

THE bold sun like a merry lord
Looked in the barn and laughed there
To see such good cheer on the board,
Such ale and jest on draught there;
The toasts were drunk, and still awhile
The roof with uproar rung,
But lured aside I crossed the stile
And fast my tears upsprung.

Far-slanting from the hilly baulk
The acres drew my gaze
Into the fields I used to walk
And into other days:
Hark to that voice! But what was said?
My brain strove as it thinned.
I half deciphered from the dead
What once passed like the wind.

O, voice of thousand throats and notes,
How in this sudden swoon
Shall mind distil the mist that floats
So ghostly through the noon?
I stared upon the far-off wood,
The weir's eye flashed on mine,
And chilly ran my summer blood
To know Time's muttered sign.

There, Heaven, and there, sweet Heaven, you shone;
I still surveyed the ground,
I, like a spy; the grace was gone,
And nothing to be found.
With memory labored still my mind,
Fain to unravel life;
As if, poor fool, so clumsy-kind,
It knew joy's hieroglyph.

"In luck and love together!" it cried;
"The hay made incense, gold
Swept Danae's lap in June's high tide,
As the shower in sunshine rolled;
Through golden air the river took
His rich ancestral ease,
And poppies danced their flames and shook
Their strange wine to the breeze.

"To his vast arms the shepherd's oak
Called Ariel's winged rout,
Cool in crooked lanes to simple folk
The cottages peeped out.
With plunging elves the wells were wild,
The brooks with naiads dinned,
The vaporous willows sighed or smiled
As passed the south-west wind."

No more, my dull interpreter!
When once the soul is flown,
The tenement's as void of her
As common clay or stone;
Surely she passed, that pale voice seemed
Hers, surely she was nigh?
But O, my heart, how once she gleamed!
That now mere doubt flits by.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

WITH Budget day close upon us, some attempt at summing-up the prospects is, I suppose, necessary, but I do not think there is much to add to what I wrote last week. As regards immediate tax-relief, the taxpayer is certainly justified in feeling greater confidence than could have been felt a few weeks ago. There is little doubt that by hook or by crook Mr. Baldwin will, on Monday, produce out of his dispatch-box a comfortable revenue surplus for 1923-24 on the existing basis of taxation. It is almost equally certain that he will bow to some extent before the storm of public demand that this prospective surplus should be devoted to giving immediate relief. Having had £100 millions to apply to debt reduction last year, the Chancellor will find it harder to plead for heroic finance this year. The Stock Exchange has decided that Income Tax will be reduced from 5s. to 4s. 6d. in the £, and so unanimous is this expectation (except in the case of the ever-present optimist who clamors for a cut of a full shilling) that a chorus of execration will greet the Chancellor if he fails to concede it. A sugar-duty reduction is also regarded as more or less of a foregone conclusion. The rest is mere guesswork, and I do not propose to enter for the guessing competition.

MR. BALDWIN'S EMBARRASSMENT.

If Mr. Baldwin's reputation for profound attachment to sound financial principle is well-founded, he must find himself in a position of some embarrassment. He must (I join in the general presumption) give way to the clamor of the taxpayer of to-day. If he is to redeem his reputation, he must think of the taxpayer of future years. Far more vital than slight tax reduction to-day is that trade and industry should see opening out before them a prospect of steady and substantial reduction in future years, and this prospect is impossible unless a bold and definite plan for tackling the Debt is produced. To transpose an old saying, Mr. Baldwin has to be both pound-wise and penny-foolish. In one rôle or other he must fall foul of exacting critics. The "Economist," I see, calls for a cumulative sinking fund of £50 millions per annum, which, it says, would repay £5,000 millions of debt in thirty-eight years. That is a bold plan that would probably knock out, once for all, the threatening alternative of a capital levy. But if the indirect and the direct taxpayer is to have his pound (or shall we say ounce?) of flesh on Monday, Mr. Baldwin cannot be anything like so heroic this year. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that he will evolve some definite cumulative sinking-fund scheme, and leave debt repayment no longer at the mercy of buoyant revenue, bad estimating, or weak Chancellors. Mr. Baldwin's position may be likened to that of a man who goes out with just enough money to pay for his dinner, and meets an importunate beggar on his way.

THE COURSE OF THE MARKETS.

So far as the Stock Exchange is concerned the coming Budget has not cast any shadow before it. Since there is no likelihood of increased taxation, and the only question is where and how much present taxation may be lightened, Mr. Baldwin's statement is looked forward to with an unusual degree of complacency. This being so, the buoyancy of gilt-edged stocks has continued to be very conspicuous this week.

The absorption of many favorite high-class investment stocks has been so rapid and consistent that a shortage of supply is reported in some instances, particularly in the case of Home Railway prior-charge issues. Stock Exchange history of the past few weeks reveals the prevalence of a belief that conditions favoring a continued rise in gilt-edged stocks will continue for some time. It must not, of course, be forgotten that, should a strong trade revival come along, money would be drawn into commerce and industry, and a set-back in trustee stocks would result. This aspect of the question is one that may be left for calm consideration when the Budget is safely out of the way. In the Exchange Markets fluctuations in the franc have again been the most interesting feature, the quotation having improved sharply on M. Loucheur's visit, and fallen back afterwards. The efforts of the Reichsbank to "peg" the German mark to its present quotation are still successful, and it is thought that this stability can be maintained for some months in the absence of any unforeseen contingency.

TEA SHARES.

The table which is printed below gives what may be taken as a representative illustration of the remarkable rise that has taken place in tea-plantation companies' shares during the past twelve months. It will be seen that advances of from 80 to 100 per cent. are by no means uncommon:—

		Dividends.		Prices		Present	Yield.
		Year	End	March	April 11,		
		1920.	1921.	1922.	1923.	Rise.	%
Amalgamated	Estates	%	%				
(£10) ...	Nil	5	8½	15½	7	35-32	
Attaree Khat (£5) ...	Nil	10	7½	9½	2½	51-32	
British Indian (£5) ...	5	15	6½	13	7½	52	
Chubwa (£5) ...	5	15	16	22	6	32	
Consolidated Tea and							
Lands (£10) ...	Nil	10	15½	24½	8½	4½	
Darjeeling Co. (£1) ...	2½	5	13-16	15-32	11-32	45-16	
Dooars (£1) ...	7½	20	129-32	3	13-32	6½	
Empire of India (£1) ...	10	16	1½	211-16	15-16	6	
Jhanzie (£5) ...	6	18	8½	15	6½	6	
Jorehaut (£1) ...	15	15	2½	2½	½	53-16	
Lebong (£1) ...	10	15	1½	2½	1½	57-16	
Majuli (£1) ...	Nil	12½	17-32	27-16	17-32	5½	
Neddem (£1) ...	Nil	10	1½	3	1½	3½	
Singlo (£1) ...	10	15	19-16	27-16	7	6½	

The market is worthy of study just now for several reasons. In the first place the next few weeks will see the publication of a large number of reports of tea concerns, which are generally expected to show good results. Secondly, many private holders are wondering whether they ought to sell out and take their profits, while others are equally wondering whether it is too late to achieve profit by a purchase in the market now. To take the last point first, it is always risky to advise purchase on the top of a very big rise. But on the other hand, I hear, from those who should know, that the tea companies' results about to be published will make such an exceptionally good showing such as will justify the full extent of the rise that has taken place in the shares. On the strength of this, holders of good shares may keep on for a little without much fear of paying the penalty of being profit-greedy. Of course, the public interest in this particular market is not so intensive as it might be. There is some talk going about of capital increases, bonus distributions, and amalgamations of small companies into big units. Any extensive action on these lines is probably a distant possibility, but, if it were to take place, it would probably stimulate public attention and make the market a centre of more activity.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

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The World of Books

I SUPPOSE that to many comfortable people who take an interest in letters Grub Street is a delightfully romantic place, and it is surprising that it has not occurred to some wealthy bibliophile to devote a couple of shelves to first editions of the Grub Street authors. Imagine those two orderly rows of mellow calf bindings, some of them worth hundreds of pounds, others twopence, but all gathered lovingly under one roof, as all had once wandered up and wandered down one street. The pleasant fumes of cigar smoke and coffee steam are wafted over them like the benevolent thoughts of their proprietor, while the distaste of Lord Chesterfield in the next shelf and the superciliousness of the *objets d'art* scattered about the same room can in no wise command the services of the butler to show them out into Grub Street once more. One hardly knows which has the best of it, the twopennies or the others. The former are worth no more than they were, and yet here they are actually living in the same room with the severe tomes of learned bishops and without the cost of a perfunctory prefatorial obeisance. But this satisfaction cannot exceed that of the heavy-guineaed volumes, whose authors, having slaved and starved all their lives to produce literature worth a very little more in boots and bread than the paper it was written on, now find their creations fetch the price of a week's gains of a company promoter. Well, they are safe now; they have nothing to do but warm themselves and take their ease, and only perhaps in the small hours when their present patron is under the eiderdown upstairs does the memory of the old horrors of want and debt and the Street of the Damned visit them in dreams.

LET us think kindly of them, their vices and follies, for misery does not favor the growth of nice morals any more than nice meals, and let us take warning not by their sins but their profession, the glorious profession of the pen. A man is a Cockney because he is born within the sound of Bow Bells, and a pen-scratcher is born under the shadow of Grub Street. That is how you know him. He who runs may read, but he who writes must run, and always from the shadow of Grub Street. He never knows but that the next step will give him cramp in his right leg or trip him over a stone, or whether round the next corner he will not come full tilt up against a brick wall, or whether his masters, who keep him going to show off his paces, will not suddenly tire of him because he has begun to jog and sag in his gait or because the way he turns his toes out is not sufficiently respectful. Woe betide him then, for there is no Home for Lost Authors but Grub Street, with the comforting reflection that fifty years after he is dead some collector may pick off a bookstall as "curious" what he left behind him, and

give him a place on the shelves beside the decorous Reminiscences of one of his ex-masters.

* * *

The hero of Grub Street, a man of almost legendary fame, was, of course, Richard Savage, about whom his friend Samuel Johnson, who never abandoned him, wrote that lamentable and masterly life. I doubt whether even to-day many people have read Savage's remarkable poem "The Wanderer," which I am unable to estimate except by placing it half-way between "Festus" and "Alastor," both in quality and theme. What I am entirely convinced about is that it is a work of genius, very fitful and irregular and overcast, rather bleak, with that preference for the Gothic in landscape which appealed to the eighteenth century, and reminds one of Wordsworth's mountains with the turf off, but yet a poem of nobility and power and like a monarch Scots Pine struck with lightning. Indeed, the lightning of poor Savage's genius had a way of turning on himself, as all his generous qualities—the gallantry, the humor, the compassion which made him divide his last guinea with the woman who bore the most vindictive witness against him at the trial, his fieriness and love of beauty (as Dr. Johnson puts it—"He mistook the love for the practice of virtue, and was indeed not so much a good man as the friend of goodness")—became all so much tinder for his earthly perdition. Had he had the temperament of a French peasant or any of the modern advocates of "common sense" in letters, he could very easily have laid enough by from the pettings and capricious patronage of the rich to have made good headway against the East Wind of their neglect and forgetfulness. None of them seems to have shown him any real solidity of affection or wisdom for his own comprehensive lack of it; they enjoyed him much as a rich man nowadays keeps a private film in his house, to be discarded sooner or later for a new one. Lord Tyrconnel, for instance, was outraged because he sold the expensive books he had given him, an attitude which surely must be debited to the noble lord's lack of understanding rather than Savage's lack of delicacy. Savage was, indeed, his own worst enemy, but it was his fickle patrons who were persistent only in arming the "Volunteer Laureate" against himself.

* * *

THE hardly conceivable treatment he received at the hands of his mother, who tried to have him first transported and then hanged, cruelly as he felt it (and not incompatibly made the most of it), never seems to have soured his temperamental trust in the good nature of things, a reflection of his own. Some kind of a case has been made out for Savage not being the son of Earl Rivers and the Countess of Macclesfield, but a deliberate impostor, their actual son having died soon after birth. The difficulty of this story is twofold; it ignores the fact that the Countess never denied that Savage was her son, even to the Queen, when she accused him of trying to murder her, and it puts Savage himself in the light of a cold-blooded blackmailer. He was a man fond enough of pleasure and inclined to be free with his literary conscience (as who could blame him?). But in reality he was what Johnson said he was—"a child exposed to all the temptations of indigence," a frail genius caressed by the world and then thrown away into the dustbin of Grub Street.

H. J. M.

Reviews

RHETORIC IN BATTLESHIPS.

The World Crisis, 1911-14. By the Right Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, C.H. (Thornton Butterworth. 30s.)

A CRITIC, taking up this book, begins it with innocent gravity. He has been advised that it is an important book, and though he may be merely a student of books and affairs, with insufficient assurance to practise as a politician, at least he knows that Mr. Churchill was considered, in those quarters where qualifications for public service are judiciously weighed, to be a suitable First Lord of the Admiralty from 1911 to 1915.

And in a sense the book is extremely important, for when he has finished it the reader is disarmed for criticism, and helpless in his astonishment. He feels a horrible certainty that this is the sort of book which in literature or science is ignored by serious critics; and yet, being one of those volumes in which modern generals and statesmen, active only yesterday with the lives and fortunes of nations, lightly indulge in reminiscence, its implications are of awful consequence. But is the author aware of them? No. Apparently not. He appears to be all unaware of what he has done, and of what he looks like as he stands in the public eye, waiting for applause. This explanation by a principal actor of his share in the tragedy which has ruined Europe is essentially ridiculous; but it does, after all, concern a tragedy. A reader is naturally amused by its style, which is rhetoric in an Eton collar on Speech Day, but learns, as he reads on, that these flamboyant and silly periods were once actually expressed and flourished as Dreadnoughts and divisions of the Army.

The assumption is forgivable that in a statesman with a famous name there would be a wide and grave apprehension of the lessons of history, an urgent desire that the public should never stampepe when mischief-makers raise sudden and idiotic cries, and a sense of responsibility which would restrain him from unsealing, in avid curiosity, the vessel which confines the potent and malignant Djinn. Whatever common politicians and bagmen may be in nature, compared with useful and righteous men, a First Lord of the Admiralty, with immense forces under his control, would naturally compare in demeanor and judgment with first-rate men in non-political spheres. That word "important" should mean something, surely. It does in the case of literature and science. In addition, Mr. Churchill has a popular reputation as a writer. "He can write, too," is what we have been frequently warned of a formidable man, as though that should settle the doubt of any hesitant critic a little innocent of practical politics.

Now merely look at his mind, and his method of expressing it. During one of those international crises which arise at intervals, when solemn and cryptic diplomats startle a peace-loving world with what resemble the diabolic grimaces of dementia, and the citizen by his hearth gets the sensation that at any moment he may, quite without reason, drop plumb to Gehenna, children and all, Mr. Lloyd George made a speech at the Mansion House. That was in 1911. It appears that Mr. Lloyd George had gone over then to the Liberal Imperialists. The author of this history, who had secret knowledge of the febrile causes in important men which ended in a speech that added a nice length to the train leading to the powder magazine, says this of it:—

"They sound so very cautious and correct, these deadly words. Soft, quiet voices purring, courteous, grave, exactly measured phrases in large, peaceful rooms. But with less warning cannons had opened fire and nations had been struck down by this same Germany. So now the Admiralty wireless whispers through the ether to the tall masts of ships, and captains pace their decks absorbed in thought. It is nothing. It is less than nothing. It is too foolish, too fantastic to be thought of in the twentieth century. Or is it fire and murder leaping out of the darkness at our throats, torpedoes ripping the bellies of half-awakened ships, a sunrise on a vanished naval supremacy, and an island well-guarded hitherto, at last defenceless?"

It is by such evidence as this, of which the book is full, that a reader's doubt is cleared. He is able to resolve the importance of the word "important" when it is applied to statesmen. They appear to be important because of the disastrous consequences of their otherwise wild and unimportant

guesswork. And so a puzzled reader learns that he will never do justice to all the merits of this book. It is not for him. It is too great for mere quietude in isolation. It is, if anything, more suited to a stentorphone electrically agitated and magnificent on a hot Bank Holiday over the heads of a multitude. Then its appeal would be, in a very real sense, shocking. It would accord with the smell of dust and orange-peel and the sound of the distant steam organs of the fair.

Mr. Churchill proceeds. The inevitable consequences of soft, quiet words purring are upon us. Our nation is "little-prepared," however. Nevertheless: "We may picture," the famous statesman assures us, "this great Fleet, with its flotillas and cruisers, steaming slowly out of Portland Harbor, squadron by squadron, scores of gigantic castles of steel wending their way across the misty, shining sea, like giants bowed in anxious thought." We may, indeed, picture it. We have pictured it. And how dearly we have paid for that kind of stentorian invocation, and that kind of heroic intoxication! Steel castles, Mr. Churchill is convinced, bowed in anxious thought; wireless whispers, belly-ripping torpedoes, and murder leaping out of darkness! His book is full of these captions to cinematograph romance.

Was there any need for this chromatic mental riot, unless he enjoyed it? None at all, apparently. One could, even if First Lord of the Admiralty, have taken it quietly. For Fate, we learn, had tipped him a good omen. One night, while Mr. Churchill was enjoying large and changing pictures of the Apocalypse, he went to bed, taking his tumultuous dreams with him. The Mysterious Finger, it seems, wanted to point out something to him. Unseen powers were all at work, silently casting dies, moulding destinies, and naturally they could not go on without giving England's First Lord a hint that, though they must do what was foreordained and must be undivulged, yet a friendly wink to the representative of a favored people in his bedroom, you know. . . . Mr. Churchill has a long paragraph on this strange adventure in his addition to modern history:—

"I saw a large Bible lying on a table in my bedroom. . . . I thought of the peril of Britain, peace-loving, unthinking, little-prepared, of her power and virtue, and of her mission of good sense and fairplay. I thought of mighty Germany towering up in the splendor of her Imperial State and delving down in her profound, cold, patient, ruthless calculations. I thought of the army corps I had watched tramp past, wave after wave of valiant manhood. . . . I thought of German education. . . . I thought of the sudden and successful wars by which her power had been built up. . . . I opened the book at random."

And what he found there at random he reproduces in large Gothic type in his history. Mr. Churchill's book is throughout heavily documented. It is even supported by the ninth chapter of Deuteronomy, in type which shows the importance he attaches to random Bible-reading. Soldiers in a barbaric past used to consult the entrails of fowls.

A student and critic inexperienced in practical politics, who has always known that great work must be done by great men, feels, after Deuteronomy, it was rather like him to muddle great work and its necessary creators with great doings and their doers. He had overlooked the fact that even little boys may wreck mail trains. In truth, one has a sense of embarrassment when reading this book. There is a gusto in it, a lavishness of gesture—"robed in the august authority of centuries of naval tradition and armed with the fullest knowledge available, the Board of Admiralty wielded unchallenged power"—a hectic flush to the words, which give a reader the chilly fear that Mr. Churchill will, in his excitement, step right over the footlights and finish up his remarks on the big drum. You hear of him, for instance, advising General French to advance the left wing of his army: "If you could again passage to the left, I could give you overwhelming support from the sea, and there you will have a flank which certain they cannot turn" (Mr. Churchill to Sir John French, October 26th, 1914). Luckily, the General did not try it on. He replied politely instead: "Your letters are always a great help and strength to me. Thank you indeed for the last one."

But doubtless it is unfair to review this kind of history by an active statesman as though it were a serious contribution by an historian. The usual standard of values will not work. It is clear, however, that the standard set for

politicians in most matters is absurdly lower than would be expected of responsible men of letters, philosophers, mathematicians, and men of science. The public had better see to this. It is not being well served, and the consequences, we see, are disastrous. The work done for it by its great statesmen, great sailors, and great soldiers, is not only more casually and intuitively performed than it would expect from its other servants, but, what is worse, these great men would appear unable to move to any higher plane of service.

H. M. T.

A GREAT HEADMASTER.

Sanderson of Oundle. (Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.)

LAST June Mr. H. G. Wells was taking the chair for the Headmaster of Oundle School at University College, London, for an address of no ordinary interest. It represented the summing-up of thirty years of the unique experience of a new education. It represented, also, the appeal of one limited school, which claimed to have justified an educational revolution, to all the schools of England; that they might examine and be converted and change the system of teaching in a new *renaissance*. Mr. Sanderson, "a stout, ruddy man, speaking in a rich, jolly voice through a thick, reddish moustache," never with any conspicuous capacity to make intelligible the ideals which consumed his whole life, had written out the draft of this lecture no fewer than nine times; and when it was delivered it was altered even from the final written form. He sat down amid applause; in a moment fell forward, and was dead. It was the kind of death that all sane men would desire. But one must regret that five or ten years more were not granted him, in which he might have expounded the methods which he believed in as a religion; so that not only a limited circle, but all who care for the future of the race, might read and criticize and understand.

This book is a fascinating work to that small company of persons who are concerned with educational reform, and who believe that in educational reform lies one of the great chances for the future improvement of the world. But it is largely occupied with technical detail. It has been compiled by some thirty writers. And it suffers inevitably from such a multiplication of authorship. Although the methods adopted are fully set forth, the man who contrived the methods remains at the end a shadowy figure. There are no Tom Hugheses or Arthur Stanley's such as immortalized the personality of an Arnold. 'There are no Skrinkes or Parkins such as made vivid, substantial, and alive a Thring in all faults and weaknesses as well as in greatness. There are reminiscences by boys at the school, most of them laudatory, but, on the whole, giving little insight into the inner springs of action of a man who may have accomplished a revolution. He leaves no diaries or letters. His public addresses and sermons all give the impression of one, as it were, clawing the air to express the faith that is in him, and unable to obtain articulate utterance. A supplementary volume is badly needed, showing not only illustrations of "Oundleism" in the syllabus of mechanics or the plan of teaching history, but also revealing in all strength and all weakness the life of a man whom Mr. Wells has called the greatest schoolmaster of all time.

In the commonplace of temporal success Sanderson has his obvious justification. He raised a small and unimportant classical school in the Midlands to one of four or five hundred boys with an enormous waiting-list, with which he could never catch up. And this despite the fact that his first six years were years of utter misery and almost of persecution, when parents, boys, local inhabitants, and gentry were alike furious against him. This book is written definitely as a eulogy, and perhaps more as an interpretation of Oundleism than of the man who created it. Whether he was one of the greatest schoolmasters remains still to be proved. What is unchallengeable is that he was one of the greatest of educational reformers. The men who burst through the hard limitations of the dying Middle Age and created the sunlight of the *renaissance*, in education, are names now half forgotten save for those who study the most fascinating and most neglected of all knowledge—the history of educa-

tional reformers. They created with the new knowledge and the new methods of teaching that knowledge, in England at least, the Public-School teaching, which has endured unchanged for perhaps four hundred years. That teaching, some believe, is as dead as the teaching which it displaced. Sanderson thought it was dead. If there is another *renaissance*, he will be hailed as its foremost leader. But the other alternative is not impossible—that Oundle will gradually merge, having perhaps produced some slight changes, into the tough fabric of the old Public-School system. And just as no one could ascertain to-day that Uppingham was made by a genius, or point out distinctions between Rugby and its numerous friends and rivals, so Oundle School may merely maintain a reputation as a school where natural science is taught more than the classical languages, and where the Grocers' Company has equipped mechanical and scientific laboratories to teach new subjects in the old spirit.

It is difficult to sum up briefly the new ideals introduced by Sanderson. But the two principal may be stated thus: First, that boys came to school, not to "learn," but to "do." Second, that the possessive instinct inherited from numberless generations was to give way to the instinct of service. To the science masters carrying out a miserable and only half-tolerated existence in the big Public Schools, he roundly asserted that he had no desire to teach natural science as their colleagues were teaching classics or mathematics or history. Indeed, he accepted his new method in subjects outside the sciences, although his heart was really set on those most obvious instruments for the fulfilment of his ideal. It was not to poke small lumps of knowledge into the boy, whatever that knowledge might be. It was to draw out the creative instinct which he believed existed in every boy ("There is no such thing as a bad boy," he was fond of asserting), and then turn that creative instinct into whatever knowledge and discovery was most suitable to that boy's desire and intellectual ability.

Sanderson's chief campaign was directed against the slack and the slothful. So long as he could inspire a boy to take any interest in anything at all, he was prepared to give that boy the fullest scope. He never hated the sinner, and there are many pleasant stories in the book of his laughter and enjoyment at the methods of the eternal boy to checkmate the eternal master—for example, when he discovered that some of them had rigged up a complete telephone apparatus by which they could obtain authentic knowledge of his approach at any time to their quarters. Undoubtedly the mechanical arrangements which the Grocers' Company so generously supplied, the pattern-makers' shop, the carpenters' shop, the machine shop, the foundry and other engineering apparatus, gave him an advantage denied to less well-supported innovators. For as nine out of ten boys, even in their spare time outside school, are desirous of doing things with their hands, such as making wireless apparatus or constructing machinery, it was evident that here was an opening of which the ordinary school is deprived. But the man had a passion for creation, which was his religion, and which he proclaimed in all his Scriptural lessons, transforming familiar texts into the justification of discovery and triumph. His sermons consist, in the main, of the extolling of the heroes in the advance of science, and as others would preach on the life of a Francis or an Augustine, he would preach on the life of a Faraday, quoting long passages of technical scientific invention with the enthusiasm which is normally reserved for unusual moral devotion. He had no strong interest in history, or, in the main, in literature. He was entirely unmusical, although in every possible manner he encouraged music in the school. But his devotion to the triumph of science and knowledge over the blind brute forces of chance and necessity—the romance of it all, the belief in man's vast future—became almost itself lyrical and an inspiration to those learning under him. Many, loving him, could never realize what was really this sustaining and compelling ideal.

When he first came to Oundle his punishments were savage, and drew furious protests from the school as "he exercised his punitive functions at a white heat of passion." But at the end he had abandoned all punishment, and no boy was expelled in the last years of his reign. He accepted fully Mr. Bernard Shaw's

position. He wrote to a Committee of Inquiry on the subject: "Never punish except in anger." When the Committee returned the statement with the suggestion that he meant "Never punish in anger," he retorted: "As if I could say anything so silly." In this, of course, as a boy among boys, he knew what rankles in the mind, and what, on the other hand, is forgiven and forgotten. Whole pages of the essays in this volume could be interchanged with Mr. Wells's works dealing with education, especially the latter part of "Men like Gods," without anyone knowing the difference. Their religion, their present ideals, their conception of a world redeemed by education, their belief in the infinite possibilities of the coming time, made them the firmest of friends.

Sanderson adopted what many would think a crude and somewhat silly ideal on the question of war, following rather blindly the absurd nonsense talked by Ruskin upon the subject:—

"In all affairs of life," he asserted, "there is the peace of lifelessness, of inactivity, notwithstanding all its autumnal beauty. There is the quiet peace which changes not. Conventional belief, the conventional kind of round of work, with lack of initiative, of experiment, of testing and trials. There is the peace which follows on contentment with things as they are. The peace of death. The land of peace and of convention, and of cruel contentment. The land of the dark Satanic mills—as in Blake's Imagery. War may come to break up this deathful peace."

The idea that we should welcome war, not for some heroic crusade, but that the old men may send the young men to death, each against the other, in order to break up "contentment with things as they are," is the idea which belongs to a lunatic asylum. And when the thing actually arrived and all the boys whom he had loved, including his own son, were swept into darkness by the merciless hands of death, his life was for a time shattered. He preached on "Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they are not." He made brave sentences, but his heart was broken. The practice was so different from the theory. And even in the memorial presented by the Grocers' Company he could find no relief for such intolerable loss.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The People of England.—Vol. III. **The People on its Trial.** By Sir STANLEY LEATHES. (Heinemann. 6s.)

A Short History of the British Commonwealth.—Vol. II. **The Modern Commonwealth.** By RAMSAY MUIR. (Philip. 15s.)

MR. RAMSAY MUIR and Sir Stanley Leathes cover in these two volumes the same period, for each of them begins at 1763. Thus their histories start at the outbreak of the American quarrel, whereas Mr. Trevelyan's starts at its close. Sir Stanley Leathes's book is the third volume of a history written specially for schools, and Mr. Ramsay Muir's the second of a history written rather for the general reader. Mr. Ramsay Muir's is consequently a good deal fuller; it runs to some eight hundred pages, whereas Sir Stanley Leathes's is under five hundred. Each of them is a first-rate piece of work for its own purpose. As a school history Sir Stanley Leathes's three volumes are in a class by themselves: they are admirably designed to make a boy or girl find an interest in history; they have a large outlook on life, they tell their story in a graphic style and excellent English, and they are singularly happy in the exposition of rather technical subjects. We have only one general criticism to offer on the third volume. It is that the writer has given so much of his space to the war and the present situation that he has left himself too little space for the nineteenth century. It is natural for a historian who wants his readers to understand that the history of a people is not merely the history of its government, or of its wars, or of its social changes, or of its art, or of its religion, or of its tastes, but the history of everything that makes up its life, to give special emphasis to a crisis in which a people is tested in all its qualities. The war is the climax in this sense of the story told in these three volumes. But although Sir Stanley Leathes possesses in a remarkable degree the art of seizing and presenting the significant aspects of

history, his sketch of the nineteenth century suffers, in our opinion, because it has been painted on too small a canvas. We feel that he has suppressed a great many interesting things that he would have told his readers if he had not kept his eyes all the time on the discussion of the war which was to close the volume. In his earlier volumes he had some delightful pages on buildings, clothes, furniture, and the arts, which we miss in this volume; on the other hand, the account of scientific progress is admirable.

Mr. Ramsay Muir is, like Sir Stanley Leathes, a historian with wide interests, and his book illustrates the range as well as the energy of his mind. A historian often has to write on subjects in which he is not interested, because they fall into the scheme of his history, and when he comes to one of these topics he is apt to drop into a rather tired and mechanical treatment. Mr. Ramsay Muir's pages never give the impression of a *tour de force*, or of writing against the grain. Whether he is discussing India, or Canada, or Ireland, or the Poor Law of 1834, or the influence of the Utilitarians, he is always obviously intent on his subject as an intellectual problem. Consequently his book has vitality and vigor from start to finish. He is never writing on one subject and thinking of another. His readers may disagree with his conclusions or his tone, but they will recognize that he gives to his task the best qualities of a singularly efficient mind. He has assembled in these pages a vast collection of facts, but under his skilful directing hand they never get out of their place and become a mob. His history is a remarkably well-ordered narrative and study.

We may say of the nineteenth century that it was taken up with the effort of man to direct and control for the development and improvement of his life the great new force that had come into the world with the industrial revolution. Both these historians recognize that there was a problem before England, the pioneer nation in this revolution, and that a course that might be advantageous in the sense that it increased man's power or diminished waste and inefficiency might, at the same time, aggravate or create those problems that concern man's relations with his fellows. Mr. Ramsay Muir, for example, says of the enclosures:—

"Thus an agricultural development, which in itself was sound and healthy, was bringing about great social changes. The big landowners were adding field to field; the small holders were slowly disappearing. English rural society was ceasing to be the homogeneous society, without sharp cleavages between class and class, which in the main it had been in the middle of the century; a gulf was gradually opening between a mass of landless laborers on the one hand, and on the other a group of great landowners and a class of capitalist farmers. This gulf was to become very apparent during the next generation."

Sir Stanley Leathes writes of the same revolution:—

"It is true that, in the condition of agriculture as it was then, better cultivation resulted; the large farmer could better afford the new machines and better understand the new methods. It is true, also, that the English system whereby the landowner does the repairs and assists the tenant in draining, fencing, and other improvements, has led in the past to excellent relations between landlord and tenant. But the loss of a class of small holders, a grade through which the agricultural laborer might rise to independence and prosperity, is a great misfortune for the country."

So with the industrial revolution. Mr. Ramsay Muir describes the dangers of Bentham's philosophy: the reactions on a society full of abuses, and in great need of reform of a too simple analysis of life. Bentham lacked the community-sense, and his individualism, which meant a social policy of drift, had a terrible fascination for the early Victorian age, dominated by a kind of fatalism.

Sir Stanley Leathes says of Gladstone:—

"He was forceful, industrious, untiring, imperious, persuasive, but for all the energy he displayed, all the power he wielded, it is difficult, after examining his long and famous career, to discover any great thing which he did or any great thing which he desired to do. I am inclined to regard him as the instrument of a people which desired power for the nation and not for any class or classes, and was not for the time concerned with the ends for which that power was used."

This is a provocative judgment. If taken literally, it is absurd, for the reconciliation of England and Ireland was as great a purpose as that to which any public man ever devoted himself. Mr. Muir's readers will turn

to the pages in which Gladstone's great achievements in finance are described, or those in which we can follow the working of his impetuous and noble imagination on the Irish question; or, again, to the romantic light in which he set before the nation its position and duties in the world. But when all this is admitted, when, also, we have taken into account the immense importance of his reform of the Civil Service, there still remains a certain truth in Sir Stanley Leathes's judgment. For if we are thinking solely of the influence of law and policy on the social development of a people, it is true that Gladstone never had before his mind any large attempt by society to control economic forces in the interests of a freer, larger, or more beautiful life. Lord Morley printed in his biography a letter from Gladstone to Lord John Manners, written in 1845, in which he set out views that remained with him after he became a Liberal:—

"It is most easy to complain, as you do, of *laissez faire* and *laissez aller*; nor do I presume to blame you; but I should sorely blame myself if, with my experience and convictions of the growing impotence of government for its highest functions, I were either to recommend attempts beyond its powers, which would react unfavorably on its remaining capabilities, or to be a party to proposed substitutes for its true moral and paternal work which appear to me mere counterfeits."

Gladstone, like Peel, conceived the work of government as in the main a work of liberation, and, like Peel, he achieved great successes in that task. He showed in his Irish agrarian legislation that when a problem was forced on him in a moral complex, he could bring to its solution a mind that was free from all its native prejudices. But he was, in his general outlook, essentially a man of his age.

How truly he reflected its spirit we can see if we glance at the career of his great rival. Disraeli was outside the circle of British ideas and prejudices; he had a freer mind, and he realized, as few Englishmen realized, how much a nation suffers when it is broken up into bitter and mutually suspicious classes. He saw more clearly than Peel or Russell or Palmerston or Gladstone or Cobden what was happening to the English people, with the tremendous growth of ill-distributed wealth and the degradation of the mass of wage-earners. Yet the words Sir Stanley Leathes applies to Gladstone might be applied to Disraeli the statesman. The author of "Sybil" left no constructive scheme in politics for the rescue of English society from the evils described in that famous novel. It is no answer to say that Disraeli never came to power till he was an old man. Cobden never held office at all, and yet he could preach a policy with such effect as to make a Government adopt it. Disraeli, who supplied his party with its brains, never taught it any social policy. It was his own fault that he appeared to Carlyle as the leader of the avaricious corn lords in their struggle with the avaricious cotton lords. When the enfranchisement of the town worker had changed the basis of power, Disraeli passed some creditable but modest reforms. It would probably have been a good thing for England if that reform and Disraeli's accession to office had come twenty years earlier. But his inaction as a Conservative leader on social questions between 1845 and 1874 shows, unless we are to think him a humbug, that the spirit of the 1832 electorate was so strongly against State action that he despaired of carrying his party with him on any large policy of the kind. Take such a test question as the condition of the towns. The chief opponents of public health legislation in 1848 were Disraeli's friends. Disraeli himself voted with Bright and against Hume for the extinction of the Board of Health in 1854. It may be argued that the plan adopted in 1848 was a bad one, but Disraeli did nothing to educate his party to a better. The first important legislation was the Act, long overdue, passed by Gladstone's Government in 1871, which set up the Local Government Board.

The conspicuous feature of the nineteenth century was energy. Mr. Muir gives a glowing picture of the new industrial and commercial system, and of the busy, active life it symbolized and fostered. Those who think his history too rose-colored, too apt to count the gains and forget some of the losses, will point to the scale and the obstinacy of the problems that that century left to its successor. If there had been a little less energy and a good deal more social imagination, the England that emerged from this revolution would have been richer in happiness and freedom.

CEYLON.

Cinnamon and Frangipanni. By ASHLEY GIBSON. (Chapman & Dodd. 21s.)

THE poetic and odorous title of this book suggests a tourist's rhapsodies, too much insistence on the perfume, color, and exuberance of the tropics. Books with such titles are seldom healthy. One opens them with the fear of being steeped in a cloying, artificial atmosphere, from which one escapes with the sense of release one might feel after being locked up for hours in the palm-house at Kew. Mr. Gibson's book is not of that kind. It is lively and full of zest, but the author is no tourist. He knows his island. If he is an old resident, he has had the foresight to note his early impressions and preserve them. Thus he is fresh without being exuberant. His book is a medley. It contains as great a variety of moods as subjects, and the style is equally variable. We feel in passing from one chapter to another that we are not going round the island with the same guide. In a sense, we are not. Mr. Gibson's interests are so varied that he can be as shrewd about the native shopkeeper of Colombo as he can be in arboriculture. He is a naturalist—at least, he is acutely interested in animal life and botany—but the light and color of precious stones are as interesting to him as an elephant drive, or the ruins of old cities. In fact, for once in a way, this is a book of travel with a defined character and a sense of responsibility, for the traveller happens to be an artist who is an acute observer and is exceptionally well read.

The book opens with an admirable description of Colombo, with vignettes of colonial hotel and bungalow life. The notes about gems and elephants and crocodiles alone justify the book. But the narrative is so full of good things that selection is not easy. One of the best in the volume is "The Compleat Bachelor," an account of Robert Knox, who was captured at Cottiar in 1660 by Raja Singho, King of the Chingulays, and escaped and returned to England twenty years afterwards. Mr. Gibson is an observer with strong prejudices. The tea industry is anathema to him. He forgives the planter, but abominates the capitalist "money-grubber" who employs him. Tea and rubber have disfigured the island. The extent of the deforestation caused by the planter is hardly credible. "Ceylon with all its sylvicultural possibilities already imports £200,000 worth of foreign timber per annum." Mr. Gibson, who has his statistics from the Forest Department, tells us that the visible hardwood supply will last ten years, and no longer, and that the softwood supply would peter out, once imports were cut off. He comforts himself that Providence has hit back, so far as the rubber industry is concerned, "and even the tea magnates have shivered in their shoes for a space." These money-grubbers, "seeking to improve upon Providence, introduced the shrub from China and that other poisonous-looking tree from the mephitic jungles of the Brazils for their own sordid ends, and to make increasing room for their protégés blasted Ceylon's fairest hill-sides, scarred and tore the green mantle of our uplands, felled and burned the richest forests of our plain, to the end that the increase of their dividends might be indecently hastened."

The stilted, gawky, and artificial life of the prosperous Colombo merchant falls under Mr. Gibson's lash in the first chapter. He is most forcible when he is writing about things and people he does not like—European more often than Sinhalese. But Mr. Gibson has no more patience with the native agitator than with the source and provocation of his discontent. He is intensely annoyed by the Sinhalese national self-esteem: "In the Golden Age Ceylon had a population of forty millions," boasts the nationalist. Mr. Gibson discovers that this would mean a population with a density of 2,000 to the square mile in the inhabited parts of the island. What did they live upon? "Ah, but in those days," argues the eulogist of past times—not the same nationalist, by the way—"the western coast of Ceylon stretched as far as Madagascar." This starts Mr. Gibson in pursuit of another hare, which he overtakes and demolishes. Our sympathies are with the hare, though the long dog is cruelly weighted in the chase. Mr. Gibson attacks these Sinhalese claims with great seriousness, examines and rejects them in detail. So much logic, irony, and erudition, such *sæva indignatio*, seem a little disproportionate in the pursuit of such small game. The picturesque

legend of a pre-European Golden Age is common to all Oriental races who have come under an alien Western Government. The "Back to the Vedas" cry of the Arya Samaj is a case in point, but one is not drawn into controversy as to whether that passage in the Ramayana establishes the Hindus' claim that aeroplanes were used by their ancestors thousands of years before the Battle of Hastings.

Mr. Gibson at his best can be terse and pointed. In another mood he jars when he touches Buddhist legend and history. He speaks of Fa Hien as "a Chinese globe-trotter noting down the details of the Anuradhapura Perahera just about the time our own woad-smeared ancestors were . . ." Does Mr. Gibson really think of Fa Hien as a globe-trotter making notes, or is the unhappy phrase dragged in to point an antithesis? Has he read Fa Hien? If he has not, he ought to read him. The journal is easily accessible, and may be digested between dinner and bed. If he has read Fa Hien and failed to catch the spirit of the pilgrim, he is the last man to trust as a guide at Anuradhapura. The glitter and magnificence of "the forest of 1,600 columns of stone" have impressed Mr. Gibson, but the genius of the place needs an interpreter who is sensitive to the poignant humanity of the voice that has come down to us through twenty centuries, the voice of the pilgrim who could hardly restrain his tears at the thought that he, Fa Hien, was born when he could not meet with the Lord Buddha, and that now he only saw the footprints he had left and the place where he lived no more.

But Mr. Gibson is not alone in writing somewhat lightly of secret and mysterious places. Other travellers to Anuradhapura, and to Angkor and Borobodoer—the only dead shrines and cities comparable to it in the East—have sinned in the same way. To convey the spirit that haunts these ruins one needs to be something of a Buddhist and a quietist, like those ancient pilgrims whose voices are still melancholy with nostalgia for the land of Han. An exacting demand this, and not likely to be satisfied by the modern traveller. But it was Mr. Gibson's scorn of Philistia and the materialism we have brought into Ceylon that led us to expect more of the spirit of the initiate in him. Still, he has given us a book so superior to the usual travel narrative that it would be unfair to criticize him for not having the calm and other-worldliness of a Buddhist mystic. If he had had that also, doubtless he would have been above writing at all; as it is, he has given us an entertainment which is both delightful and informing.

FITZGERALD'S TENNYSON.

Tennyson: Aspects of his Life, Character, and Poetry. By HAROLD NICOLSON. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)

Tennyson: a Modern Portrait. By HUGH L'ANSON FAUSSET. (Selwyn & Blount. 8s. 6d.)

WITHIN the space of a few days, these two critical studies of Victoria's Laureate have come upon us. Both are valuable fruits of painstaking and rigorous thought. Mr. Fausset is the more hostile towards the subject, and he has, at all events to our personal preference, the advantage of the firmer style. Mr. Nicolson in many places gives the fuller picture, and examines a trait from a point of view which Mr. Fausset did not use. In short, these treatises are both vivid and thoughtful, and may be read in succession without producing in the reader either a sense of corn twice threshed or of dog eating dog.

There are still, we should suggest, many thousands of men and women who keep alive the vision of Tennyson as a personal demigod, and would no more think of calling anything in his collected poems (except perhaps the dramatic part) bad, than they would of questioning the will of God. To these trusting Late Victorians (many of them steady the ranks of our preachers and teachers) much even in Mr. Nicolson's volume would be perplexing, and nothing less than profane. That He, who could write of the Duke of Wellington's funeral in a style as sumptuously sombre and as zenith-reaching as the furniture of the imperial ceremony, should be the subject for laughter! That Mr. Fausset, who has sprung up in this insolent age, should pull to pieces the "philosophy" of Him, the people's voice; should connect

Tennyson's portrait with his popularity; nay, even leave a strong suspicion that Tennyson's martial strains helped us into the filth and drumfire of "The Great Adventure"! No, the believer will think this so much modern cleverness, and will perhaps remember how Christopher North and Lytton tried it before, and were rebuked and cast into the outer darkness where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Yet the troubled attitude to Tennyson is no new one. Wilson and Lockhart were no such ninnies. Not only Fitz-Gerald thought his friend a misuser of his gifts. Other good judges despaired that the Laureate should regard himself as "a cross between a clergyman and a magistrate." As to his actual poetic plane, the story which Mr. Fausset gives of his disappointment in Wordsworth is indicative. Wordsworth would not be impressed with Tennyson's ecstatic reference to a South Sea Island where the trees all turned blood-red. As to his powers of thought, perhaps his attendance at the Metaphysical Society's meetings affords a criterion: "I do not remember," records Grant-Duff, "that the Laureate took any part in the discussion, but his mere presence added dignity to a dignified assemblage." And human experience he skilfully avoided.

To discuss these matters is far from being "a shy at the great gun." Such biographical analysis as Mr. Nicolson and Mr. Fausset provide leads the right way; for affectation and legend have obscured, both for the camp of the devotees and the camp who dismiss Tennyson with a wave of the hand, the best qualities and performances of his poetry. Strip the preciosities, "proprieties" of a decade, and all such tarnished tinsel, from the massive volume which he left, and take from him his doubtful triumphs—there remains a body of complete and melodious poetry enough for one man's memory.

MISS WILLA CATHER.

Youth and the Bright Medusa. By WILLA CATHER. (New York: Knopf. \$2.50.)

One of Ours. By WILLA CATHER. (New York: Knopf. \$2.50.)

UNLESS all my information is misleading—it is admittedly partial, and therefore may be—the publisher of these two books by Miss Willa Cather is not far wide of the mark when he says that "more and more have we"—that is, the section of the American public whose affair it is to know what's what—"come to recognize in Willa Cather our greatest living woman novelist." At any rate, during the last few years, in my reading of American periodicals, I have continually been tripped up by the name of Miss Willa Cather, in contexts of this kind: "No," says the American critic, "we haven't much in the way of women-authors to put up against England—but there is Willa Cather." Or it would be just a brief little phrase: "Our few real literary artists, such as Willa Cather."

Quite enough, in fact, to make one determined to read any of her books if they happened to fall in one's way: not quite enough, or perhaps not quite the kind of thing, to set one hunting for her works. And now that I have read two of them, and read them with enjoyment, I feel very much the same as I did before. If another comes my way, I shall read it; but I shall not exert myself to make the encounter inevitable. Miss Willa Cather does not move me enough for that. I know that, whatever I should read of hers, she will never let me down. She will never write a slovenly page, and it is pretty certain she never has written one. She will never "fake," never scamp, never leave her reader in the least doubt of what she means, never willingly deviate by a hair's breadth from the record of the truth as she sees it. She is one of the most obviously honest and honorable writers of the English tongue to-day. It is no small thing to be able to produce such an impression. Miss Willa Cather produces it.

But, though she will never let me down, I doubt very much whether she will ever carry me away. Of these two books, which I have spent many hours in reading as carefully as a writer of her quality deserves, very little remains with me. It is an effort to recollect them at all. When the effort is made, what is there? First and chief, a sense that she has been dealing, with her own patient and candid

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honesty, with the perennial problem of the educated and sensitive American—the gulf between the materialistic values of the American nation at large and the spiritual values we vaguely associate with the European tradition. Every one of the short stories in "Youth and the Bright Medusa" has an artist of some sort for its chief character: and the issue involved is either the conflict between what he stands for and the blank incomprehension of his neighbors, or the unresolved disturbance caused by him to men and women who have a glimmering sense of the value of his idiosyncrasy; people who do not understand, but are fascinated; who would like to deny, but cannot, the reality of this phenomenon for which there is no place in their scheme of things. Art, we suppose, is the bright Medusa, and Youth the American nation; or it may be that Miss Cather is cynical enough to believe that any young American who succumbs to the fascinations of art and the consciousness which allows for it is as good as turned to stone, for all the active part he can bear in shaping the life of his own people.

"One of Ours" is a novel with the same essential theme. A young farmer of the Middle West, with vague aspirations towards he knows not what, and a dim, inarticulate sense that life could be a different thing from the life he knows, sinks back on the farm after a glimpse of university life, marries a frigidly puritanical girl in a mist of romantic idealism, and finds release only in service as an American soldier in France. He touches civilization there, and he dies, willingly, for what he discovers. And here, for once, Miss Cather seems to evade her own problem. That Claude Wheeler should have died for the unknown thing he longed for at the moment he touched it, was, as old Burton says of a like enterprise, "heroically done: and I admire him for it." Nevertheless, what we desire to learn is how the young man would have adjusted himself to his new-found knowledge. Would he have sunk back once again on to the farm? Would he have settled the question of his hopeless relation to his wife? Would he have joined that ever-growing army of young Americans who spend their days glued to the café tables in Paris, thinking of what they might have done if they had been born in a real country?

For Claude Wheeler dies a romantic idealist as he lived one. The only thing, indeed, for a romantic idealist to do is to die. But the death need not be violent, nor in the least heroic. A bullet in the heart in October, 1918, is, for the problems of a young American, nothing less than a *deus ex machina*. The interest would have been to follow the process of his slow death by starvation in Nebraska, or his quicker death by surfeit in Paris, or perhaps—and this would have been best of all—to learn how he managed to keep his newborn soul alive. Instead, he departs in a cloud of glory with none of his pressing accounts settled—neither the domestic account with his wife, nor the larger account with American society.

And here, perhaps, we stumble on the cause why so little remains when we have read Miss Cather's books. She does not really dig deep enough into the problem she raises. Tchekov says, indeed, that the business of the artist is to suggest problems, not to solve them. Unfortunately that good advice is meant for the genius alone, for he alone can make his representation of life so enchanting that we feel it's not worth while to bother about answering the questions. Life is, and it is good enough to go on with. But to convince us of that you have to be something of a Tchekov yourself. Failing that gift of discerning and communicating the eternal freshness of the things that simply are, you have to settle down as a humble follower of men who were great in other ways, and look for an answer to the problems that preoccupy you.

To this Miss Cather may reply that she is content to present life as she sees it. But the trouble is that we are not quite content with what she presents. She does not see quite vividly enough or quite deep enough to make a permanent impression. Even the landscape of her Middle West in "One of Ours," on which she has so evidently lavished her pains, is indistinct. And what do we (or what does she) really know of the crucial encounter between her hero and his wife? At the moment of crisis the vital thread of her story slips through her fingers. In her short stories the weakness is less apparent. "Coming, Aphrodite!" has moments of brilliance, and it must surely be one of the best

short stories written in America in the last few years. "A Gold Slipper" is more than efficient, though the brilliance which was warm and living in parts of "Coming, Aphrodite!" seems almost mechanical.

But our final feeling is that it will not do to be grudging about Miss Cather. She writes, as few Americans and few Englishmen write, with the conscience of an artist. What she does not do, she cannot do. She invites judgment by the finest standards, and if she seems to fail by them—well, it does not vastly matter. There is substance enough in her failure to make a dozen more apparently successful writers. There are not ten lines of shoddy in these two books, but there are pages of writing with the unassuming excellence of this (it is the scene of Claude's parting from his mother):—

"She recognized a heavy, hob-nailed boot on the stairs, mounting quickly. When Claude entered, carrying his hat in his hand, she saw by his walk, his shoulders, and the way he held his head, that the moment had come, and that he meant to make it short. She rose, reaching toward him as he came up to her and caught her in his arms. She was smiling, her little, curious intimate smile, with half-closed eyes.

"'Well, is it good-bye?' she murmured. She passed her hands over his shoulders, down his strong back and the close-fitting sides of his coat, as if she were taking the mould and measure of his mortal frame. Her chin came just to his breast pocket, and she rubbed it against the heavy cloth. Claude stood looking down at her without speaking a word. Suddenly his arms tightened and he almost crushed her.

"'Mother!' he whispered, as he kissed her. He ran downstairs and out of the house without looking back."

To be better, that would have to reveal a quality which Miss Cather has not. Few people have it, for its name is genius. But Miss Cather certainly has the next best thing. It is right that her country should be proud of her; it ought to be.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

From the Publishers' Table.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN's list, just issued, gives details of a new "Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy," including the substantial "Late Lyrics and Earlier," in one volume. There will be an ordinary and a thin-paper edition. "The Dynasts" also is due to appear in the thin-paper form.

* * *

THE editor of the "Bookman" has compiled an anthology of current poetry, to be published as the first of a series of anthologies by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. Volumes of poetry promised in the same publishers' forecast are "American Poems and Others," by J. C. Squire; "Sub-Lunary," by Nancy Cunard; the "Complete Poetical Works" of the Canadian poet Wilfred Campbell; and "The Songs of a Broken Airman," by Jimmie Howcroft, who, paralyzed by a crash in France during the Somme battle, dictates his verse from a hospital bed.

* * *

THE Student Christian Movement has in the press a collection of letters from doctors practising in India, China, and Africa, directed in the first place to their colleagues here. To this book, "Medical Practice in Africa and the East," Mr. Stephen Paget supplies an introduction.

* * *

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL add to the "International Library" a work examining the acquisition of knowledge, the data and the processes of theory, under the title "Scientific Method," by A. D. Ritchie.

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BOOKS announced recently by American publishers include a novel by Miss Edna Millay, known for her poems. She has found a plot in the works of Havelock Ellis for her new departure, "Hardigut," to be published by Messrs. Boni & Liveright. A life of Shakespeare by Joseph Quincy Adams is preparing with Messrs. Houghton Mifflin. Various poets furnish an anthology of reflections about Roosevelt (Scribners). The Macmillan Company's imprint will suitably grace Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's new book,

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"Roman Bartholow." Messrs. Harcourt & Brace put forth their choice of short stories by young American writers, "As We Are."

We feel grateful for the spirit behind the "Ypres Times," with its many photographs and paragraphs of singular appeal to anyone who has slogged up the pavé past Goldfish Château, or scurried along "The Great Wall of China," to the amusement of the German observers at Hooge. In the April number is included a map of the salient, beautifully exact and thorough, on which are marked the positions of our cemeteries. How many a corner of those foreign fields "is for ever England"!

"MATHEMATICS," Messrs. Sotheran's new list of rare and standard works, affords us the pleasure of curiosity and witty learning for which the catalogues of this house are famous. Dead authors on whom posterity does not ponder come to life for a moment in the annotations. "Mathematics" is the second part of one large "Catalogue of Science and Technology," to be complete in five or six more. We note that Messrs. Sotheran are offering at £3,500 Major W. H. Mullens's rich library of books on British ornithology.

THE classical library of the late Henry Jackson, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, has just been catalogued by Messrs. Bowes & Bowes. Messrs. Dulau (34-36, Margaret Street, W. 1), who have incorporated Messrs. Chaundy & Cox, offer a run of Byron's first editions in fine condition, and several scarce publications of recent years (List 101).

THE new edition of that most moving biography, "The Private Life of Henry Maitland," edited by Mr. Morley Roberts, affords the results of a revision "mainly from the literary point of view." A few notes have been added, and in an appendix are given brief criticisms of some of "Maitland's" early work, newly discovered in the files of the Chicago "Tribune." The book is published at seven-and-sixpence by Messrs. Eveleigh Nash & Grayson.

Music.

ENGLISH MUSIC AND CONTINENTAL JUDGMENTS.

IN the course of next month there will assemble at Zurich the seven musicians whose duty it will be to select the music for performance at the Chamber Music Festival which the International Society for Contemporary Music is organizing at Salzburg from August 8th to 14th. By the middle of this month the local selection committees of the various national sections of the Society are to send in such music of their own countries as they think fit to recommend for performance. Since the Conference of Delegates held in London in January considerable progress has been made in the organization of the new Society. The most interesting fact is that the Society has succeeded in establishing a section in Russia. The London Conference undoubtedly made it clear, both to those who attended it and to others who stayed at home, that the Society was a serious undertaking, and that it was a matter of real importance that as many countries as possible should be represented in it. It is in the largest countries that organization has been the most difficult: in Germany on account of the enormous complexity of musical life, and in the United States on account, first, of the area to be covered, and, secondly, of the difficulty in defining what is American music. But patience and goodwill have been shown by those to whom organization was entrusted, and although the number of countries represented now makes thirteen, there is little fear that that number will prove unlucky.

The seven judges who have been appointed by the London Conference are MM. Ernest Ansermet, André Caplet, Eugène Goossens, Hermann Scherchen, O. G. Sonneck, Egon Wellesz, and Alexander von Zemlinsky.

The general intention of the International Society, expressed at its foundation in August, 1922, is that the Festival should be representative of pioneer tendencies. The music will be chosen on its merits alone, regardless of nationalities. It is not proposed to attempt any equalization of countries, such as giving each country an equal number of minutes out of the twelve-hours' total of music. Such a system, even if it had been considered by the committee, would prove utterly unworkable. Certain countries would inevitably complain that justice had not been done to them. Besides, many of the most advanced composers of the present day are men of mixed nationality, often domiciled in countries other than their own. For instance, Philipp Jarnach is a Catalonian by birth, educated in Paris; he lived for some years in Zurich, where he worked with Busoni, and is now resident in Berlin. For practical purposes, the International Society has agreed to classify composers according to domicile; but if the Festival were arranged in the spirit of an international championship, M. Jarnach might find his music disregarded altogether, Spain ignoring him because he lives in Germany, and Germany ignoring him because he is not a German.

It would not be proper for me to make any suggestions here as to the English works that will be submitted for consideration, still less to express any opinions or hopes as regards the performance of English works at Salzburg. It may be said at once that Mr. Goossens is ruled out as a composer, since it was definitely laid down that no music by any of the seven judges should be performed. It speaks well for the public-spiritedness of those among them who are composers that they have accepted this condition without hesitation. Their work will be extremely arduous, and their decisions are certain to meet with a good deal of ingratitude, except from those who are really responsible for the organization of the Festival. But these seven men are certainly representative in their corporate capacity of European and American criticism, and it will be interesting to see what view they take of the musical output of England. The Festival is to represent pioneer tendencies, but it is prepared to take note of definitely nationalist tendencies in music. It is obvious that in some countries, where there is a long-established musical tradition, the pioneer composers will be cosmopolitan rather than national in style, the national style having long ceased to be a style, and having become more or less of a convention. In other countries where music has been less continuously organized, it may well be that the cosmopolitan composers are the least original or interesting, and that tendencies of real novelty and value will have taken their rise from an intensive cultivation of native folksong.

England offers at this moment a peculiarly interesting subject for analysis: the English music of the present day represents a complexity of tendencies. Our own country stands somewhere between the two extreme alternatives which I have indicated. We possess composers who set out to be cosmopolitan pioneers, and also composers who have devoted themselves to an intensive nationalism. Which, if any, will find favor at Zurich? Let us try for a moment to view English music through foreign eyes. To the German mind English music is always oddly primitive. When M. Diaghilev produced "The Sleeping Princess" in London, someone remarked that it was quite right that out of the Princess's four suitors the English prince should be wearing clothes in the style of a century earlier than the others. England is supposed by the Continent to be always a good way behind the times in the arts. The Germans also find us wanting in seriousness; our music is at best gay and unpretentious. It lacks depth of passion, because English people are supposed always to repress their emotions. To the younger Austrians we are still in the sentimental stage. We have, too, a lamentable partiality for common chords and diatonic harmonies. The Latin races have always found our music dull and heavy. Our brains move too slowly for the French, our blood too slowly for the Italians. One reason for the gulf that has opened between the German and English music of the present day is that the English composer tends to think vocally, whereas the German thinks



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The following are the dates for the Examinations of the above Association:

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TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, June 5th and 6th.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, June 5th and 6th.

FINAL EXAMINATION.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, June 5th, 6th, and 7th.

Each Examination commences at 10 a.m. on the first day.

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instrumentally. Hence even in songs the methods of the two countries are widely different.

Everyone who hears a new piece of music grasps first those parts of it which resemble something which he has already heard. What is new is not merely difficult to understand, it is actually difficult to hear. We who are accustomed to English music of the folksong school can recognize the forms of the melody and more or less ignore at will the commonplaces of the harmony. The foreigner naturally hears first the all too-familiar harmony, and dismisses the whole work as clumsy and old-fashioned. In the other case, that of the cosmopolitan pioneer, he loses the intention of the vocal line, and finds the treatment of modern technique unskilful. He is so accustomed to what I may call instrumental superfluities—those phrases and figures that are written by composers who play an instrument easily—that he does not notice them except when they are absent.

It is not my wish at this moment to disparage English methods of composition; indeed, I could wish that foreign musicians had better opportunity of studying them carefully, so as to enter into the spirit of them. But English composers, while often expressing some indignation at the want of sympathy shown to English music abroad, are in many cases too apt to write only for their own public. Let me point my warning by a parallel from literature. A man may write an essay in English full of brilliant and witty things, but it will remain in its own language; it cannot be translated into another, or, if translated, will be unintelligible. Such work may be clever and effective journalism, but it will probably not be great literature. A book which will bear translation may, of course, be an utterly dull book, a scientific textbook, or the report of a Government office. But it is possible for English books to be written which, even in foreign languages, are at once to be appreciated as genuine works of art. I must leave it to the literary critics to explain the principles of such writing in detail; but lucidity and the rigorous pruning away of the slightest commonplaces or superfluities are obviously essential conditions of success. These, at any rate, can be recommended to the musician as well.

EDWARD J. DENT.

The Drama.

ON HOFFMANN'S GRAVE.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane: "Angelo," Adapted by Louis N. Parker.

ONE would be glad to see the stage do, at last, some justice to Hoffmann. He worked hard enough for the theatre, this haunted dreamer, and left in his tales a store of fantasies, quaint and *macabre*, that might have inspired a hundred fine adaptations. What has been his doom? One might really believe that some of his own baleful sorcerers had pursued him with their enmity into his grave. Wrapped in the most threadbare conventions of Franco-Italian opera, mocked by the meaningless tinkle of Offenbach melodies, his grandest creations are toured year by year through Europe, and endured for the pleasure of hearing some popular airs. True, the grace of Delibes and a libretto more poetical than the run of such things make the ballet of "Coppélia" tolerable and faintly reminiscent of the creator of the tale, but that is only a slender satisfaction. Hoffmann still has the right to haunt our theatres vengefully.

There seemed just a hope that the unquiet spirit would be placated when it was announced that Drury Lane meant to put all its superb scenic resources at the disposal of a work that would be some sort of free fantasia on Hoffmann's themes. That hope has received a terrible douche. We are told that "Angelo," which has been adapted by Mr. Louis N. Parker, is founded on the life of Hoffmann, but it has retained singularly little

of his soul. Perhaps this is not the playwright's fault. He had, one imagines, to find suitably curt dialogue for a panoramic spectacle that should carry the hapless composer, Angelo-Kreisler-Hoffmann, from Rome to Fiesole, Florence, Naples, and fairyland; pursuing his Undine, in her changing shapes as Giulia, Eufemia, and yet again Undine, through a score of impossible adventures, in each but the last of which he is thwarted by the fiend Cipriano, whose fleeting forms as critic, monk, and courtier are as manifold in their turn as the heroine's. It was on the spectacle that everything really depended.

It was not too desperate a wager. The capacities of modern stagecraft are vast enough to cover a great many faults in the text of a play. (They ought not to do it perhaps, but they can.) And it appears that the drama was constructed with the interesting purpose of displaying directly the pictures in Angelo's mind as he revolved his memories of the past. We were to flit, like fancy itself, from vision to vision, to be shown the embodiment of fact, dream, delirium, and speculation as rapidly as thought itself can image them. This would assuredly be hoisting the cinematographist with his own petard, and even constitute a raid on the novel. The audacity at least of the scheme deserved a tribute. It was, of course, too audacious really. It is never worth while for an art to try escaping from its medium to emulate some other form. We may not still bind the stage to a strict "unity of place," but not all the flexibility that modern mechanism can give will enable what is essentially an art of "solids" to compete with the phantasmagoria of consciousness. The very fact that we must have actors and actresses with their bodily shapes brings us down from dreams to a relative realism. Mr. Moscovitch cannot distort himself like a nightmare; Miss Macgill cannot make herself a mere fluidity. In the end we must always walk on the ground in the theatre.

This would be true with Schwabe-Hasait lighting, with Jessner to produce and Kapek to fashion the play. But we do not get precisely that at Drury Lane. One sometimes wonders whether this management has learned anything since the days of Augustus Harris. It was hard to believe it when the opening group of Illuminati, a decent piece of chiaroscuro, was succeeded by *tableau vivant*-like visions in a glare of crude electricity; and these again by a forest transformation with fairies, that might have survived from the death of the annual pantomime. After reading conscientiously through the programme a second time to correct lapses of memory, we still cannot candidly name a single scene that had style—unless perhaps the final apotheosis of blue-clad maidens, which had a certain Doré mass-effect. That is not a very rich gleanings from so long a performance! Apart from the mechanical skill with which the scenes were changed (to which, as to the splendid drill of the stage staff, we gladly pay tribute) there was nothing that might not, so far as we can see, have been achieved in 1880. The acting hardly calls for much more notice than the play. In the whirl of changing tableaux Mr. Maurice Moscovitch has little chance of showing his emotional power; he does, however, make the best use of the passionate scene in which Angelo, from the conductor's chair of the Grand Ducal Theatre at Florence, denounces the conspiracy to ruin his opera by interpolating an irrelevant ballet. (For ourselves, we thought the intrusive ballet girls, with their corkscrew curls and pink flounces, had at least the charm of sentimental association amid the surrounding ugliness.) Miss Moyna Macgill, as Undine-Giulia-Eufemia, has but a wraith to play, so hardly gives scope for criticism. Her grace of movement is not yet equal to her beauty, which is a disadvantage in a pictorial part. It was good to hear Mr. Gerald Lawrence's superb elocution again, even though his part, Cipriano, was null except when, in the flagellation scenes, it was intolerable. The name of Mr. Hector Abbas on the programme raised, to those who remembered his Liszt in "George Sand," hopes of another fantastically amusing impersonation. But he had no opening—and may be praised for not making a speech about it!

D. L. M.

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